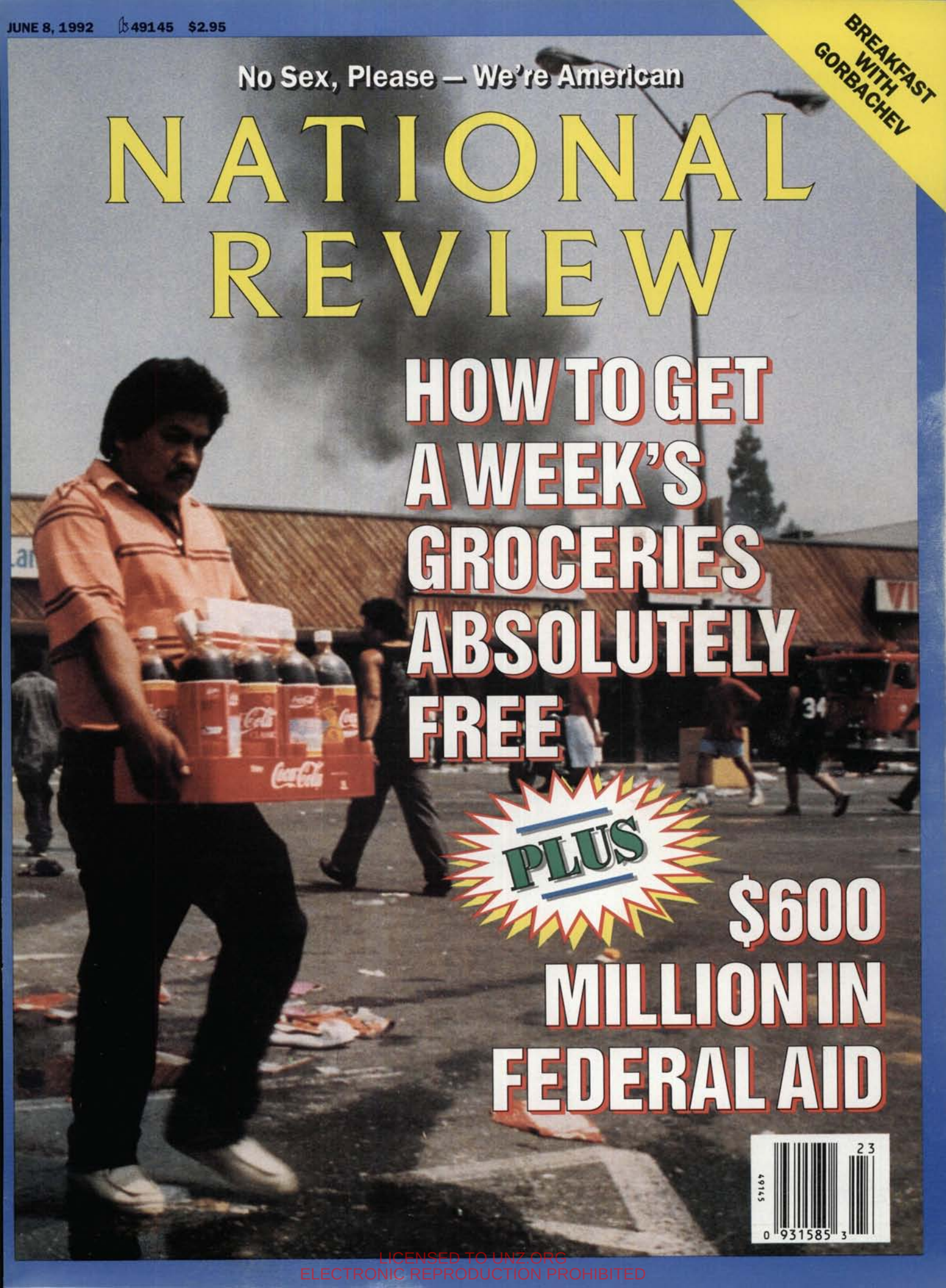
JUNE 8, 1992 49145 $2.95

BREAKFAST WITH GORBACHEV

No Sex, Please — We're American

NATIONAL REVIEW



HOW TO GET A WEEK'S GROCERIES ABSOLUTELY FREE

PLUS

$600 MILLION IN FEDERAL AID

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How do you make the best minivans better?

Make them safer.

From day one, the first minivans have been the world's favorites.

We invented the minivans in 1984, and they became the preferred family vehicles almost overnight. By now we've sold over three million, and we continue to outsell all the competition combined.

If you own a Caravan, Voyager or Town & Country, you know why. The front-wheel drive, the handling, the ride, the room, the comfort, the warranty*—nobody has put the whole package together the way we have.

In the last 18 months we've made changes that our customers want and need. We lowered the front end for more visibility, and softened the lines for a more aero look. We improved the front suspension system for a more solid feel of the road. We gave you a choice of engines for the way you drive. We put a child-guard lock on the sliding door.

And during this period, we've been putting our brains and technology to work on an area of increasing concern: safety on the road.

The driver's minivan air bag. America asked for it, we were the first to deliver.

By now, it's an accepted fact that air bags save lives. A lot of lives.

First, we put an air bag in every production passenger car we build in the U.S.† Then we were the first to do it for minivans.

Today, a driver's minivan air bag is standard on every Caravan, Voyager and Town & Country. It's fully effective only when used with a seat belt. And it's the most effective protection against injury you can get today. And all our 1994 minivan models will have an air bag for the front seat passenger as well.

By the way, our driver's minivan air bag is probably the most thoroughly tested piece of equipment we've ever installed. And the test results show it works the way it's designed to work.

Holding the road is another reason why we're holding the lead.

Our engineers have pulled out all the stops to help you stop safely when the road is wet and slippery. An anti-lock braking system is standard on Town & Country, and available on Caravan and Voyager. It does what the driver can't do in a potentially dangerous situation.

Special wheel speed sensors detect lockup when it's about to happen. Then braking pressure is selectively adjusted, up to 15 times per second. If one front wheel starts to lock, only brake pressure to that wheel is reduced. If either rear wheel begins to lock, brake pressure to both rear wheels

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is reduced. That helps you come to a safe, controlled stop.

Our ABS system went through more than a million miles of testing before it went into our minivans. So you can count on its reliability.

All-wheel drive also makes a major contribution to safety. It gives you much better traction than two-wheel drive on any kind of road surface. It helps keep you in control when you're taking a tight corner in treacherous weather. And you can get it on any of our minivans.

The inside story of minivan safety engineering.

Our safety engineers work with the most advanced technology available to reduce the chance of serious injury in the event of an accident.

"Occupant Kinematics" is one of the fancy terms they use. It's the study of motion during a collision. Using kinematics, restraint systems are analyzed before testing for maximum safety by a computerized three-dimensional model.

We also have a special safety feature for some very special passengers. The world's first built-in child-restraint seat, available on Caravan and Voyager. Our competition doesn't have anything like it.

Nobody likes to think about trouble on the road. But if it happens, you'll be glad our engineers spend every day thinking about it.

When it comes to safety, you don't play it safe.

When you build minivans, you make safety one of your top priorities. We do, because a lot of families are depending on us.

Over the years, Chrysler has added safety feature after safety feature to its minivans. We've met every government safety standard on time or ahead of time, and set new standards of our own. And we'll continue to do so.

The way we build our minivans, and the safety we build into them, has kept us number one.

The final step in the evolution of the minivan: ZEV.

That stands for Zero Emission Vehicle. In other words, the electric minivan. The world is ready for it. We've been planning it for years, and now we're bringing the plan to production.

This September we'll start building a limited number of electric Dodge Caravans and Plymouth Voyagers. Like our present minivans, they'll hold seven people and plenty of cargo. They'll be front-wheel drive, with electric-powered steering and brakes, and optional electric-powered air-conditioning. The range is 120 miles on the highway, 90 in city stop-and-go driving. Then you simply recharge the battery.

In the automotive business you lead, follow, or get out of the way. Our aim is to lead by building our minivans better, building them safer, building them cleaner. So we can reach the only goal that really matters: a satisfied customer.

ADVANTAGE: CHRYSLER

CHRYSLER · PLYMOUTH · DODGE · DODGE TRUCKS · JEEP® · EAGLE

*See limited warranties and restrictions at your dealer. †Excludes Dodge Viper and vehicles built for Chrysler: Imports, Laser, Talon, Premier, Monaco, Summit.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NATIONAL REVIEW

JUNE 8, 1992 VOL. XLIV, NO. 11

Cover Story

30 ***After L.A.: Causes, Root Causes, and Cures***
The biggest difference between the recent riots and those of the Sixties, **Charles Murray** predicts, will be the reaction of ordinary white citizens. Our leaders are ignoring three decades of history. . . . The authorities in L.A. have no excuse, charges **Eugene H. Methvin**: we know how to stop riots. . . . The media are so taken by advocacy (and denial) that **Lorrin Anderson** found reporters ignoring their own footage. . . . **Ernest Harris** bemoans the determined irrelevance of the black establishment. . . . **Alan Keyes** shows what honest ghetto citizens must do to retake their neighborhoods.

Articles

23 ***On the Scene***
William McGurn explains why the latest Bush Administration crumble—the decision to go to the Green-In in Rio—won't teach the President the folly of appeasement. . . . New world order? In Japan, **Don Kirk** explains, they're still not clear on the old one. . . . **Marvin Olasky** details the rough life of professional philanthropists—spending tax-free money on politically correct conventions in Miami Beach.

42 ***Balancing Act***
Will a balanced-budget amendment just be a Trojan horse for a tax hike? **Stephen Moore** takes a look at the record.

44 ***The Coming Euromess***
Considering how the idea of European unity has changed in the decades since America's pro–European Community policy was formed, **Angelo Codevilla** wonders if we aren't helping the lights go out again.

46 ***Foreign-Aid Addiction***
President Bush and *NR*'s editors want to use the International Monetary Fund to help Russia install capitalism. To **Doug Bandow**, that's like using Ted Kennedy to fight big government.

Books, Arts & Manners

47 Law-and-economics whiz Richard Posner enters a new league with *Sex and Reason*, a radical reexamination of our mores; **Roger Scruton** explains the facts of life. . . . . During the L.A. turmoil, **William Tucker** found Andrew Hacker, author of *Two Nations*, giving expert analysis of how whites were responsible; he's still looking for the evidence. . . . We will never know Mary Jo Kopechne's last thoughts, but **Jeffrey Hart** finds some important insights in Joyce Carol Oates's Chappaquiddick novella, *Black Water*. . . . **Sidney Zion** knows a scribe who has Shakespeare lapped even if they most ungraciously stopped printing his works. . . . After viewing *Incident at Oglala* and *Thunderheart*, **John Simon** believes the white man exploits the Indian—and wishes the favor weren't returned. . . . **James Gardner** checks out the swank auctions at Christie's & Sotheby's, where Value meets Art—in a manner of speaking.

64 ***The Misanthrope's Corner***
One reason fame is a poor substitute for immortality, **Florence King** explains, is that strange people want your shoes.

Sections

4 ***Letters***
6 ***From the Editor***
8 ***For the Record***
10 ***The Week***
28 help
57 ***Books in Brief***
59 ***Trans-O-Gram***
62 ***On the Right***

Cover photo: Paul Morse/SYGMA

The Audit Bureau

NATIONAL REVIEW (ISSN: 0028-0038) is published bi-weekly, except for the first issue in January, by National Review, Inc., at 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and additional mailing offices. ©National Review, Inc., 1992. Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editor, etc. to Editorial Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Address all subscription mail orders, changes of address, undeliverable copies, etc. to Circulation Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, P.O. Box 96639, Washington, D.C. 20090-6639; phone, 301-350-7258, Monday–Friday, 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. Eastern time. Adjustment requests should be accompanied by a current mailing label or facsimile. Direct classified advertising inquiries to: Classifieds Dept., National Review, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016 or call 212-679-7330. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to Circulation Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, P. O. Box 96639, Washington, D.C. 20090-6639.

RATES: $57.00 a year (25 issues). Add $21.50 for Canada and other foreign subscriptions, per year. (All payments in U.S. currency.) The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage or, better, a stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the views of the editors.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A view from Washington

Prescription Pharmaceuticals: A Question of Value

In January 1989, an 11-year-old girl in Ohio was diagnosed with osteogenic sarcoma. Following surgery she began chemotherapy treatments, and the resulting nausea and vomiting kept her bedridden for weeks. She would cry when the time for her treatments approached, and she had difficulty getting the nourishment she needed.

As part of a clinical study, the young patient began taking a new medicine designed to quell nausea after chemotherapy, and her world changed dramatically. Her family was shocked when, after the chemotherapy, she announced she was bored and wanted to go to the hospital playroom. They were even more shocked when she asked for a burger and fries for lunch.

She continued her treatments, and at last report the cancer remained in remission.

I know about the little girl's experience because her mother made sure I did. My company makes the anti-nausea medicine, and the medicine made a significant difference in the life of her child.

I relate this story not to promote the medicine—although Glaxo Inc. is certainly proud of it—but to illustrate a point. This is just one episode dealing with one patient and one medicine—an episode I happen to know about because of my company's involvement. Yet it represents an experience that is repeated thousands of times each day, with thousands of patients, who are taking hundreds of prescription drugs developed and manufactured by the research-based pharmaceutical industry.

This appears to be the missing element in most of the recent discussions concerning health care costs and drug prices. After all the rhetoric, after all the accusations and arguments, one indisputable fact remains: Our medicines help people live longer and better lives. They add a value that's hard to measure, largely because few of us—physicians or patients—can imagine what modern health care would be like without them.

My specialty, cardiology, provides a good example. For many years, therapy choices for cardiologists were extremely limited. Nitroglycerin, digitalis and diuretics were useful in some cases; proper diet, exercise and other lifestyle changes had some effect as well. But too often our options amounted only to surgery now or surgery later.

Over the last decade or so, however, we've seen the introduction of ACE inhibitors and calcium-channel blockers for the treatment of hypertension, and lipid-lowering agents to fight high cholesterol. Each was developed by industry, and each revolutionized the treatment of heart disease by reducing the load on the heart muscle itself.

The subsequent decline in the death rate from cardiovascular disease is evidence of their effectiveness. But outside the clinic, their cost-effectiveness is evident, too. To cite just one example, the respected Battelle Medical Technology and Policy Research Center recently reported that improved pharmaceuticals can be expected to save more than $200 billion in indirect costs attributable to cardiovascular disease over the next 25 years.

If one looks even further back, the huge strides in health care due to pharmaceuticals are even more apparent. A hundred years ago, diseases like typhoid fever, diphtheria—even diarrhea—were dreaded and feared. Today most health authorities would say these diseases have been eliminated or at least controlled, along with polio, smallpox, malaria and a long list of others.

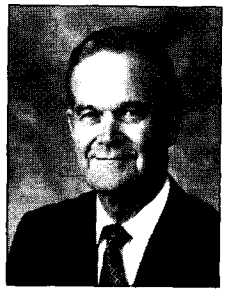
Industry has played a key role in these advances. As pharmaceutical science is poised on the edge of a new era, one in which we develop methods to intervene in disease at the genetic rather than the cellular level, the contributions of industry will only increase.

Today U.S. pharmaceutical companies spend about $11 billion a year on research and development, representing a greater percentage of sales than any other high-technology industry. By any measure it is a high-risk expenditure, because science has demonstrated again and again that it offers no guarantees. Indeed, there are numerous examples of pharmaceutical companies going many years without any new discoveries or significant new products. Yet it is a risk that for very good humanitarian and business reasons we are prepared to take.

As we pursue the increasingly costly search for the medicines of tomorrow, it's important to remember that it must be financed by the sales of medicines on the market today. Imagine how different our lives would be now if market dynamics had forced the industry to curtail its research before the discovery of antibiotics, or asthma medicines, or psychotropic agents, or any of the medicines that patients and their families have come to rely on.

If the past is prologue, if industry is allowed to continue the task it does so well, one day our grandchildren may wonder why we were so alarmed by AIDS. They may be surprised to learn that so many of their ancestors had to live with the pain of arthritis and that their lives were so often cut short by cancer.

From time to time, the debate over health care costs appropriately commands our attention, yet it threatens to make pharmaceutical companies and society alike lose sight of the promise our industry represents. But fortunately, the people who truly benefit—the patients—won't allow the promise to fade. Somewhere there will always be the mother of an 11-year-old to remind us.



Charles A. Sanders, M.D.
Chairman and CEO
Glaxo Inc.

A View From Washington is a series of essays sponsored by corporations and associations. The views expressed do not necessarily reflect those of the magazine.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

Islamic Dogma

I found Peter Rodman's "Islam and Democracy" excellent and quite informative [May 11]. However the "victory in a two-hundred-year struggle of ideas" that Mr. Rodman justifiably takes pride in looks humbler when set against the fact that Islam had existed as a colonizing power for more than ten centuries prior to the rise of Western powers—and ruled without the slightest bite of guilty conscience. Allah designated His chosen people to rule the world whichever way they liked.

Islam and democracy are not concepts that easily coexist. In Islam, the clergy and the administration are headed by the same person. This was exemplified by Mohammed. After him the caliphs Abu Bakr, Omar, Osman, and Ali all followed the prophet's example, a practice contrary to all democratic norms. Islam tolerates a pluralistic society only if Islam is the dominant element.

Islam's treatment of the non-believing minorities is encoded in the *sharia* and the *jaziya*. Islamic jurisprudence treats the testimonies of infidels with half the value of that of a Moslem. And Moslem women's position is quite different from what we understand a woman's position to be in today's world.

The Koran's exhortations to the believers to annihilate the *kafirs* (non-believers), to confiscate their property, to enslave their women and children are for anyone who cares to read the books. The *jihad* or holy war is to be waged incessantly until the entire world is taken over by the followers of Allah and Islamic laws enforced.

Arvind Ghosh
Houston, Tex.

Immigration and State

Lawrence Auster is due plaudits for identifying the need for discussion on the relationship between multiculturalism and immigration ["The Forbidden Topic," April 27]. However, his answer—more immigration controls—misses the source of the problem: state interventionism. It is ironic that the same issue which features five tributes to F. A. Hayek devotes space to such a statist view.

Hayek's mentor and colleague, Ludwig von Mises, makes this point in his 1927 treatise *Liberalism in the Classical Tradition*: "It cannot be denied that these fears [of being 'reduced to a minority in their own country'] are justified."

But Mises goes on to point out the source of such fear. "Because of the enormous power that today stands at the command of the state, a national minortiy must expect the worst from a majority of a different nationality. As long as the state is granted the vast powers . . . which public opinion considers to be its right, the thought of having to live in a state whose government is in the hands of members of a foreign nationality is positively terrifying."

The evidence upon which Mr. Auster relies speaks volumes about today's level of state power. Immigrants have become "grist for the affirmative-action mill" and have begun pressing "state education officials to include more about Hispanic contributions in the curriculums of public schools." Notice the words "state" and "public." And recall that affirmative action originated from a unilateral presidential edict (by President Nixon). Although Mr. Auster points out the need for continued ideological vigilance and persuasion, he misidentifies the threat to Western culture: the state subject to control by multiculturalists.

Chris Warden
Washington, D.C.

In his essay on multiculturalism and immigration Lawrence Auster asserts that I wrote that as soon as *minority* (emphasis mine) immigrants arrive here, they are grist for the affirmative-action mill, eligible for an elaborate web of preferences. He is mistaken. I did write ("Haiti's Refugees and the Affirmative-Action State," *New York Post*, Dec. 7, 1991) that Haitian refugees, upon arrival are classified as African-American and are thereby eligible for racial preferences and set-asides denied to immigrants from Hong Kong, Russia, Vietnam, Afghanistan, Korea, and Ireland.

The distinction is a major one—going to the heart of the debate about what kind and what size of immigration is desirable for the United States. My own preference would be to minimize the number of immigrants from ethnic groups for which affirmative-action provisions are made.

Scott McConnell
New York, N.Y.

Chile Response

Erik v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn's "Why Socialism Refuses to Die" [April 13] renews my admiration for his mastery of the subtleties of "socialism." Mr. Kuehnelt-Leddihn concludes, however, by citing Chile's return to private responsibility for social welfare in the form of "obligatory *private* insurance against illness and unemployment." His statement is only partially correct. Unemployment benefits in Chile are neither private nor handled as insurance. They are paid by the government and financed by general revenues.

On the other hand, Mr. Kuehnelt-Leddihn fails to mention the biggest and to date most successful Chilean experiment in privatization of social protection, its 12-year-old pension program. Each worker must open an individual capitalization account into which he contributes 10 per cent of his earnings. Another 3 per cent of earnings buys insurance against disability and protection for dependents. These accounts are invested in the local economy by private, profit-seeking pension-fund management companies. Total pension-fund investments now equal almost 40 per cent of the country's GDP.

G. Ricardo Campbell
Washington, D.C.

Public Attitude Problem

David J. Brugger, of America's Public Television Stations, has a curious way of responding to conservative criticism ["Letters," May 11]. After denying an "enemies list" of conservatives, he proceeds to list those groups he considers enemies. But his final statement is most noteworthy: "By the way, public broadcasting's business and products are open to public inspection and annual debate." Recent forays by Laurence Jarvik (from one "enemy" organization, the Heritage Foundation) prove that there aren't even adequate programming records to inspect. As for debate, Corporation for Public Broadcasting counsel Paul Symczak has refused to release minutes to supposedly public meetings. The true attitude of CPB is symbolized by outgoing board member Marshall Turner: "There are some things the public doesn't need to know."

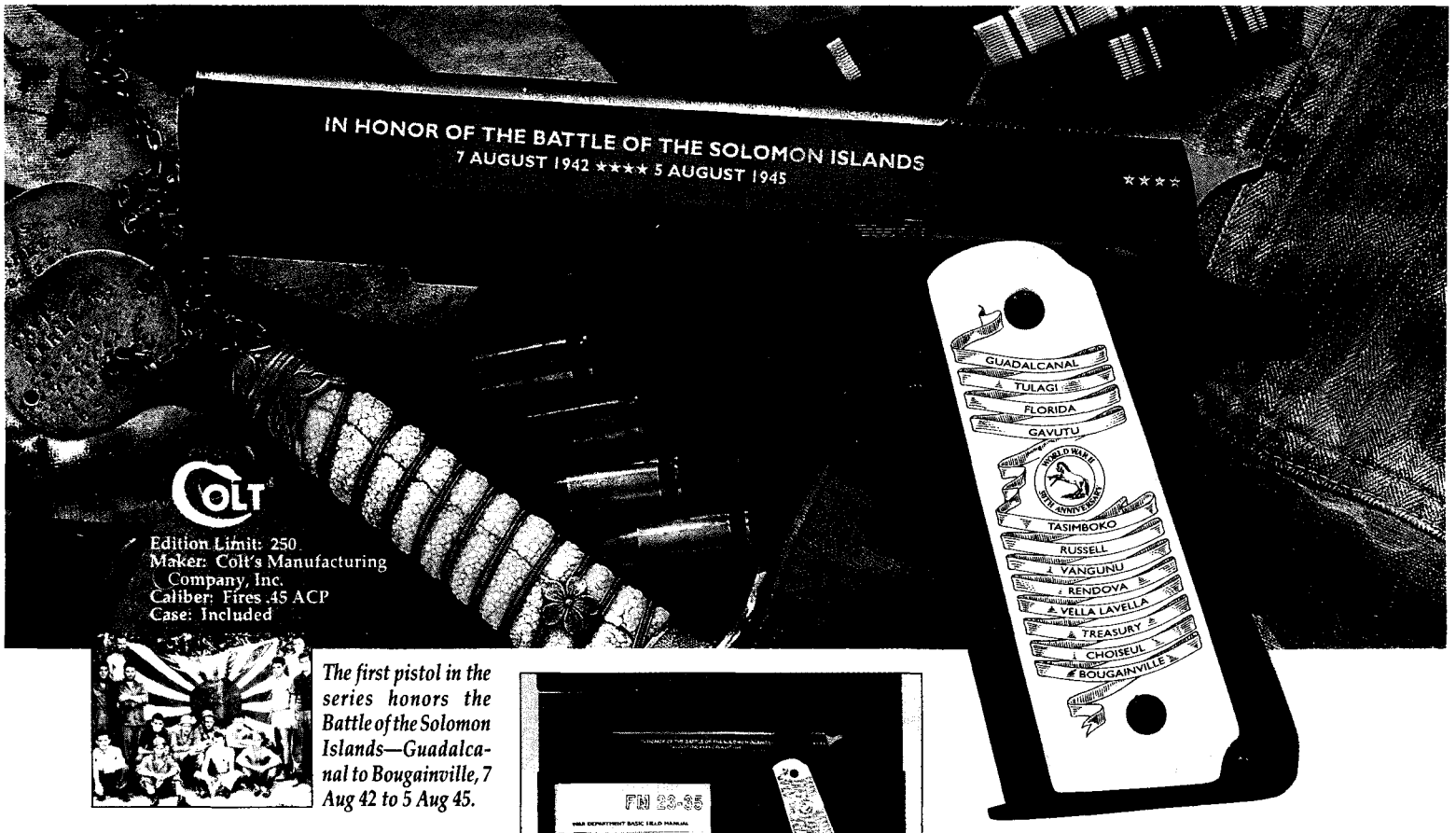
L. Brent Bozell III
Chairman, Media Research Center
Alexandria, Va.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

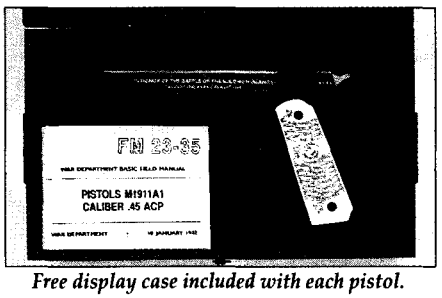
Presenting

The 50th Anniversary WORLD WAR II COLTS 1942 1992

A firing, limited edition series honoring the 12 Major Battles, Campaigns and Victories of World War II.



The first pistol in the series honors the Battle of the Solomon Islands—Guadalcanal to Bougainville, 7 Aug 42 to 5 Aug 45.



Free display case included with each pistol.

Eisenhower, MacArthur, Nimitz, Arnold and Vandegrift—their names echo through the halls of American history. The men who served under them are now retired . . . many have passed in review for the last time. Perhaps you, your father, or your grandfather proudly served.

Now, in this, the 50th Anniversary of World War II, Colt's Manufacturing Company, Inc. and The American Historical Foundation are pleased to announce a series of firing tributes issued in honor of each of the following 12 major battles, campaigns and victories of World War II:

Pacific Theater

1) Solomon Islands 2) Midway/Coral Sea 3) Philippines 4) Iwo Jima 5) Okinawa 6) Victory in the Pacific

European Theater

7) North Africa 8) Italy 9) D-Day 10) Rhineland 11) The Bulge 12) Victory in Europe

You can now reserve any one or more of these tributes. Each is destined to be a proud family heirloom and a classic collectible.

Genuine Firing Colt

Each is a *genuine*, firing Colt .45, commissioned by the Foundation for this series with distinctive features and special tributes for each of the American victories.

- The famous Colt blue finish is alternated with black matting to show off the etched and gold-gilt infilled battle honors and dates on the slide.
- The grips are as beautiful as genuine ivory but without the problems of splitting and cracking. Each grip depicts historical quotations, battle honors and details pertaining to the campaign.
- The Colt rampant horse and special World War II Anniversary device form the focal point of both grips.

Limited Edition of *Only 250*

Only 250 pistols will be made for each of the 12 campaigns—your immediate guarantee of collector value. Each is engraved with a special collector serial number (001 through 250, with a prefix appropriate to each campaign) and is accompanied by a Certificate of Authenticity.

A lined, OD "footlocker" presentation box and serially numbered "Basic Field Manual" accompany each pistol. For the set collector, a six-pistol Wall Display Rack is available for both the Pacific and European Theaters of Operations.

Personalization Available

To memorialize your World War II service, or that of a family member, we will engrave military or personal information on the reverse side of the slide (see Reservation).

To reserve your Colt, call toll free, 1-800-368-8080, or return the Reservation. If you do not have an FFL, we will help coordinate delivery with your local dealer. If you have an FFL, send a signed copy for direct delivery.

Satisfaction guaranteed or return within 30 days for a full refund.

© AHF 1992

RESERVATION

Satisfaction guaranteed or return within 30 days for a full refund.

To: The American Historical Foundation
1142 West Grace Street, Dept. T335
Richmond, Virginia 23220
Telephone: (804) 353-1812
TOLL FREE: (800) 368-8080

Yes, I wish to reserve the following pistol(s) in the WWII 50th Anniversary Colt Collection. I will also receive a Certificate of Authenticity, the display case and membership in the Foundation. My satisfaction is guaranteed.

___ Solomon Islands	___ North Africa
___ Midway Island/Coral Sea	___ Italy
___ Philippines	___ D-Day
___ Iwo Jima	___ Rhineland
___ Okinawa	___ The Bulge
___ Victory in the Pacific	___ Victory in Europe

☐ My deposit* (or credit card authorization) of $199 per pistol is enclosed. Please ☐ charge or ☐ invoice the balance due prior to delivery in four monthly payments of $199.

☐ My payment in full (or credit card authorization) of $995 per pistol is enclosed.

☐ I wish to reserve more than three pistols in the series. Please call me with a special deposit/payment plan.

☐ I wish to reserve the optional six-pistol Wall Display Rack at $99.

☐ Please personalize my pistol(s) at $29 each; send the Engraving Request Forms.

**If I cancel my reservation prior to delivery, I will be refunded all monies paid less a commissioning/processing fee of $199.*

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Daytime Telephone (.....) .....

For Visa, MasterCard or American Express, please send account number, expiration date and signature. Virginia residents add 4.5% sales tax.

T335

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NATIONAL REVIEW

Issue date: June 8, 1992
Print date: May 20, 1992

John O'Sullivan *Editor*

Senior Editors
William J. Bennett / Richard Brookhiser
Priscilla L. Buckley / Jeffrey Hart
Peter W. Rodman
Linda Bridges *Managing Editor*
Paul Hebert *Art Director*
Mark Cunningham *Articles Editor*
Geoffrey Morris *Executive Editor*
David Klinghoffer *Associate Literary Editor*
Frances Bronson *Executive Secretary*
Tony Savage *Assistant to the Editor-at-Large*
Washington Bureau
William McGurn *Bureau Chief*
Editorial Associates
G. Allen Randolph / Jane Buckley Smith
Editorial Services
Michael Ashton / Millie Fletcher
Michael A. Watkins
Dorothy McCartney *Research Director*
John J. Virtes *Librarian*
Ed Rubenstein *Economics Analyst*
Research Assistants
Russell Jenkins / Frederick W. Campano
Contributing Editors
Wick Allison / Tom Bethell
Eliot A. Cohen / Brian Crozier
W. H. von Dreele / Florence King
Richard John Neuhaus / John Simon
Ralph de Toledano / Ernest van den Haag
Timothy J. Wheeler
Joseph Sobran *Critic-at-Large*

William F. Buckley Jr.
President and Editor-at-Large

Contributors
Digby Anderson / Aram Bakshian Jr.
Baloo / David Brudnoy / John Chamberlain
Donald Coxe / John R. Coyne Jr.
Dinesh D'Souza / M. Stanton Evans
James Gardner / George Gilder
Victor Gold / Malcolm Hancock
Henry Hazlitt / Charles R. Kesler
James Jackson Kilpatrick / Nicholas King
Jan Lukas / D. Keith Mano
Charles Burton Marshall / Forrest McDonald
Brad Miner / Thomas Molnar / Joe Mysak
Gerhart Niemeyer / Michael Novak
Grover Joseph Rees / Alan Reynolds
William F. Rickenbacker / Selden Rodman
William A. Rusher / J. O. Tate
Terry Teachout / Taki Theodoracopulos
S. L. Varnado / Richard Vigilante
Charles Wallen Jr. / Chilton Williamson Jr.
Foreign Contributors
Anthony Lejeune *London*
Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn *Munich*
Robert S. Strother *Cuernavaca*
Richard C. Carpenter *Athens*
Business Services
Kevin Longstreet / Derek O'Ferrall
Vanessa Petrillo / Galina Veygman
Advertising Sales
James J. McCabe *Director*
Suzanne McEntee / Elizabeth Purvis
Direct Response Advertising
Scott Budd
Jack Fowler *Assistant Publisher*
Catherine Moraetis *Assistant to the Publisher*
Patricia B. Bozell *Special Projects Editor*
Jason Ng *Circulation Manager*
Virginia L. Bauer *Circulation Director*
Arthur F. Stetzner *Fund Director*
Theresa Maloney *Comptroller*
Rose Flynn DeMaio *Treasurer*
James X. Kilbridge *Chief Financial Officer*

Edward A. Capano *Publisher*

FROM THE EDITOR

Stop, You're Killing Me

■ I was surprised to discover from Mark Cunningham's review of her novel in our last issue that Anna Quindlen, the *New York Times*'s agony aunt, regards her outlook on life as being summed up by Horace Walpole's epigram: "This world is a comedy to those who think and a tragedy to those who feel."

This remark has often sustained me through dark hours, notably when reading Anna Quindlen's column.

"Think, think," I shout to myself. And a moment later, I am laughing all the way to the trash can.

But I had to summon up all my reserves of thought to stay laughing at ABC News recently when it named its "Person of the Week." A careful balance is usually maintained on this item between liberals and people who have no particular political views but have recently done some good deed.

On this occasion, however, ABC tore off the mask. Its "Person" of that week was Maxine Waters, the Los Angeles representative who had remarked: "Riot is the voice of the unheard."

That kind of remark does two things. It shifts blame for the riots from the rioters to other people: the Rodney King jury, the suburbs, Korean entrepreneurs, George Bush, Ronald Reagan, anyone you care to name. And it gives the rioters permission to riot again, since they have the assurance of a representative that they are merely speaking out.

ABC News was aware of this remark. Miss Waters was shown making it. But it scarcely ruffled the oily surface of Peter Jennings's tribute.

For there is a tacit coalition between the underclass and the liberal overclass against the respectable, hard-working Middle. Far from being "unheard," the underclass has its resentments anticipated and amplified by the media, the academy, Congress, the civil-rights leadership, etc. We are told in advance why rioters will riot, and afterward why they have done so. If rioters really are "unheard," that can only be because their senior partners in liberaldom won't let them get a word in edgeways.

The genuinely "unheard" voices in our society are those of the respectable poor, the main victims of liberal indulgence of crime. They popped up on our screens for a few moments during the riots, denouncing the looters as a hostile "them," lamenting the destruction of their homes and livelihoods, and making no mention of Ronald Reagan's part in all this.

It will require a small nuclear explosion to get them on ABC News again.

■ Miss Quindlen, incidentally, is famous for her compassion. Just recently she was expressing it for children who had been allegedly abused by Kelly Michaels, a young New Jersey woman teacher, now in her third year of a 47-year sentence and coming up for appeal in November.

Miss Quindlen's thesis was that, in such cases, we shouldn't just believe the children automatically; we should believe them semi-automatically.

In the Kelly Michaels case, according to Dorothy Rabinowitz's *Harper's* account, this would require believing that Miss Michaels had played the piano in the nude, licked peanut butter off her pupils' genitals, made them drink her urine, assaulted every child in the school with knives, forks, a wooden spoon, and Lego blocks, turned one child into a mouse, and forced another to push a sword into her rectum. "What did Kelly say when you took the sword out?" she was asked in court.

"She said: 'Thank you.'"

Small wonder that, with such distractions, SAT scores are declining. Yes, the worst things in life have a funny side—provided, of course, you're not serving a 47-year sentence.

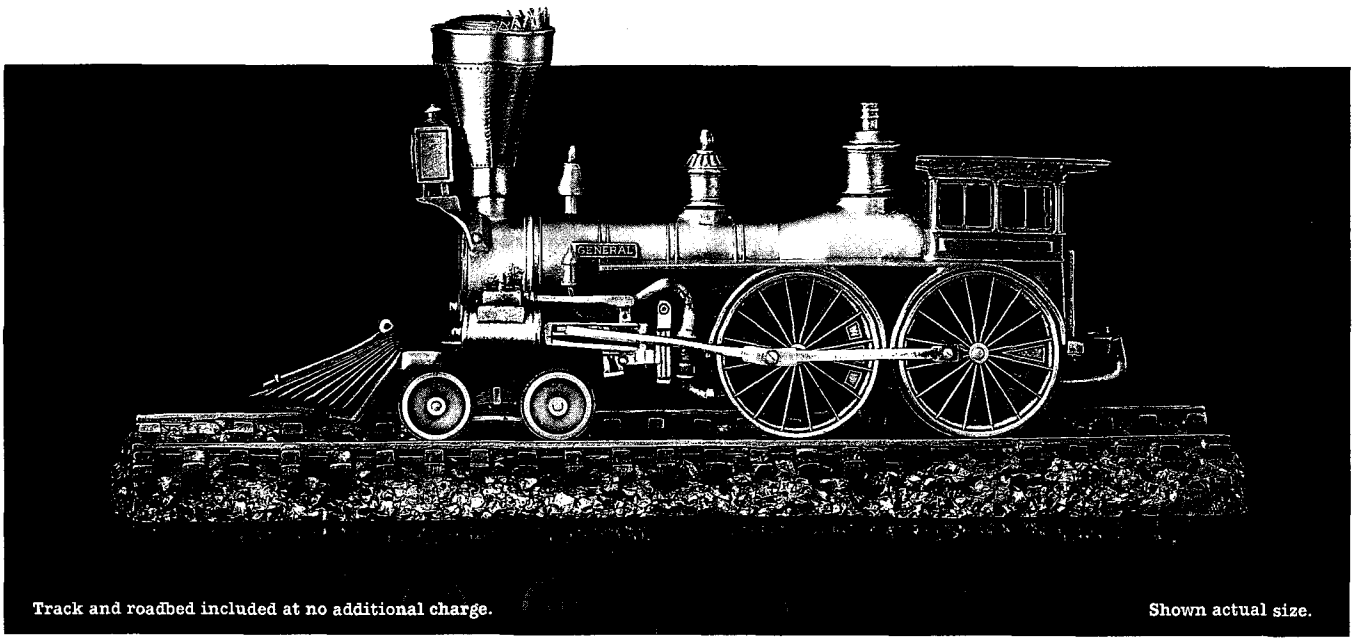
■ And only the other day I read that Anna Quindlen had been awarded a Pulitzer Prize. I was in stitches.

—JOHN O'SULLIVAN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

All Aboard for a Spectacular Collecting Opportunity!

THE GENERAL



Track and roadbed included at no additional charge.

Shown actual size.

An Authentic Handcrafted Pewter Replica of the Legendary Civil War Steam Locomotive.

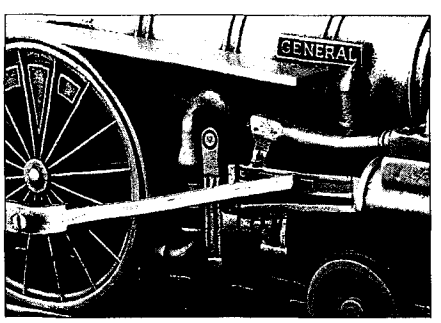
April, 1862...the Union Army advances toward the Confederate stronghold at Chattanooga, Tennessee. In one of the most daring raids ever executed, a few courageous Union volunteers steal a Confederate locomotive in a glorious but vain attempt to cut supply lines and create havoc behind enemy lines.

This was the fabled Andrews Raid, and the stolen engine was the "General"... a classic woodburning steam engine that would forever become part of the legend and lore of the Civil War. Now, you can acquire an authentic pewter replica of this great steam locomotive.

From any angle, the *General's* graceful, old-fashioned lines are magnificent to behold.

Handcrafted in fine pewter.

The *General* is meticulously handcrafted from fine American pewter. The lustrous finish is expertly antiqued to highlight the extraordinary level of authetic detail — from the grilled cowcatcher, pistons



The level of authentic detail is remarkable... note the intricate piping and tubing.

and connecting rods down to the intricate piping and tubing and even the individual rivets on the "bonnet" stack.

Your locomotive will rest on a base of pewter track and roadbed — also authentic to the period — which you will receive along with a fact-filled reference card...all at no extra charge.

Favorably priced.

The *General* is available only from the Danbury Mint at the favorable price of $69, payable in three monthly installments of $23.

Return your Reservation Application today!

the Danbury Mint

47 Richards Avenue • Norwalk, CT 06857

© 1992 MBI

RESERVATION APPLICATION

The Danbury Mint
47 Richards Avenue
Norwalk, CT 06857

THE GENERAL

Please respond promptly.

Please accept my reservation for the *General* as described in this announcement.

I need send no money now. I will pay for my replica in three monthly installments of $23*, the first billed before shipment. If not satisfied, I may return the replica within 30 days for replacement or refund.

*Plus any applicable sales tax and $1.50 shipping and handling per installment.

Name _____
PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

☐ Check here if you want each installment charged to your:
☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard ☐ Discover ☐ Am. Ex.

Credit Card Number _____ Expiration Date

Signature _____
All orders subject to acceptance.

Name to print on Certificate of Ownership (if different from above).

Allow 2 to 4 weeks after initial payment for shipment.

76OENJ1

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOR THE RECORD

■ They won't dance, don't ask them: **Mario Cuomo**, **Bill Bradley** each turned down suggestion that he would be **Bill Clinton**'s running-mate. But don't be too sure, says Democratic National Chairman **Ron Brown**. Brown told *New York Daily News* he has never heard of someone being thus proposed to and saying no. . . . As for **Jesse Jackson**'s warning of the "consequences" if he himself wasn't picked, Brown said he thought Jackson's warning was a "mistake." . . . Clinton's Veep-search panel, meanwhile, gives the impression Clinton is not looking for a moderate running-mate: it is headed by Dem. insider **Warren Christopher** (veteran of **Carter** Administration and former clerk for Justice **William O. Douglas**) and includes far-left former Gov. of Vermont **Madeleine Kunin** and **Vernon Jordan**, occasionally sensible former president of Urban League. . . . Cuomo's name has also been linked in rumor with **H. Ross Perot**'s. *New York Post* reported Perot had asked Cuomo to be his running-mate; both men admit they talked, both denied it had anything to do with Veep slot. . . . Perot-for-President organizers are running into highly individual state regulations in their effort to get on the ballot in all Fifty. Connecticut, for example, requires signatures of 14,620 registered voters by August 12; Delaware requires 2,870 by July 15; California, a whopping 134,781 between April 24 and August 7; and so on. In Louisiana it's easy—5,000 signatures or payment of a $500 fee by September 1. But Perot people there chose to take the high road—signatures. Their goal is to gather 120,000 by August 4, the first day to apply for a Louisiana ballot slot.

■ Redistricting for House seats is proving a windfall for Republicans, who may win a dozen extra seats. Legendary California conservative **Bill Richardson** is running for redrawn Sacramento district against seven-term liberal Democrat **Vic Fazio**, exemplar of Capitol Hill wheeler-dealers. In North Carolina, political neophyte **Richard Burr**'s new district makes him serious challenger to once shoe-in Democratic Representative **Steve Neal**. . . . **Rich Williamson**—chosen as Republican Senate candidate in Illinois back when party chiefs thought opponent would be supposedly unbeatable **Alan Dixon**, who was subsequently beaten by **Carol Moseley Braun**—angered right-to-lifers by going back on anti-abortion pledge. Now, according to *Chicago Tribune*, **Phyllis Schlafly** and **Penny Pullen** have told state GOP to replace Williamson as nominee, or risk a third-party right-to-life challenge. . . . Abortion also an issue in Indiana, where Republican political novice **Michael Bailey** drew flak for TV ads showing aborted fetuses. Bailey has now won GOP nomination, to challenge entrenched, pro-choice incumbent Rep. **Lee Hamilton**.

■ Woes of the cities: Democrats face an awkward PR problem when their Convention comes to Madison Square Garden in New York. News was leaked that City officials, in an effort to improve the City's general image, had planned to evict the homeless from adjacent Pennsylvania Station.

"Ninety-five per cent want you to run again so they can vote against you."

But the homeless lobby, in the form of **Fred Karnas Jr.** of the National Coalition for the Homeless in Washington, D.C., is objecting publicly to this "weeding of the Garden." . . . One prominent Democrat who will not be there is veteran Boston Mayor **Raymond Flynn**. Massachusetts Democratic Party has instead chosen **Agusto Grace**, a black pro-choice former state legislator. . . . L.A. riots give liberals another chance to parade **Willie Horton**: If only **George Bush** "would admit his complicity in developing the images and code words that encourage whites to demonize blacks," pleaded *Time* correspondent **Michael Kramer**, while NBC's **Katie Couric** thought that many "are afraid the L.A. riots are going to be the Willie Horton of this campaign."

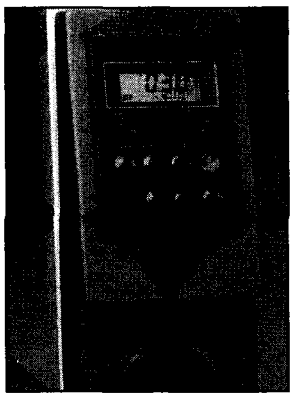
■ At Rio Environmental Conference President Bush will have to fend off Green grabbers, who want the rich industrial countries to pay for everything someone thinks is wrong with the planet. A leading grabber is European Community's environmental commissioner, **Carlo Ripa di Meana**, who wants EC to fork up $40 billion by the year 2000. The Bush team will also be thinking of problems like the collapse of the Venezuelan tuna industry, destroyed by U.S. boycott of fishing fleets that do not sufficiently protect dolphins from tuna nets. . . . American diplomacy, following European example, has surrendered to the Balkan warlords tearing Yugoslavia to pieces—mainly **Slobodan Milosevic** of Serbia and **Franjo Tudjman** of Croatia. Americans have gone home, leaving only a feeble UN presence in the devastated peninsula. . . . Farther east, Iran is claiming to be mediator for the ex-Soviet Moslem territories in Central Asia, a claim hotly contested by Turkey, whose president **Turgut Ozal**, along with Iranian President **Hashemi Rafsanjani**, attended a summit in Turkmenistan, the first such meeting in former Soviet territory.

■ Do sports have predictive value for politics, and vice versa? Soothsayers note now-devastated venues of 1984 Olympics: **Sarajevo** and **Los Angeles**. . . . And hopeful Bostonians note that **Red Sox** traditionally win World Series the year after a Russian Revolution.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Step and climb your way to a
TOTAL BODY WORKOUT!

Introducing the new HEALTHMAX STEPPER/CLIMBER™!



Six-function electronic monitor: Pace your workout. Adjustable dial sets your resistance level.

Easier to use than a skier... and a better workout, too!

What's the most popular machine at the best health clubs nationwide? It's not a stationary bike, treadmill, or rower. It's a stepper/climber...the one they stand in line for. Why? Because it really gets results. Unlike other machines it provides a total body aerobic workout. That's what doctors say you need. And it gets you fit and firm with unmatched efficiency and ease.

More than a stair machine. Better than a skier.

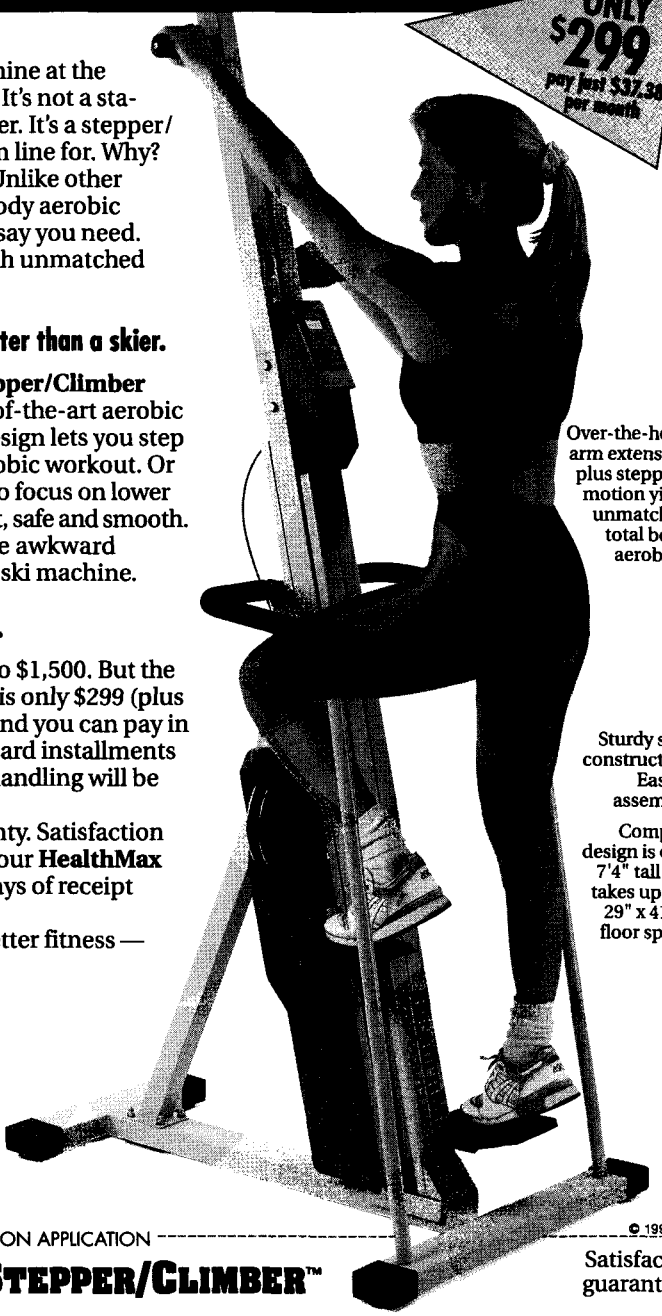
Now, with the **HealthMax Stepper/Climber** you can have your own state-of-the-art aerobic exercise machine. Versatile design lets you step and climb for a total body aerobic workout. Or step alone as a stair machine to focus on lower body. Either way it's low-impact, safe and smooth. Easy natural motion beats the awkward "balancing act" required for a ski machine.

Breakthrough price. Just $299.

Comparable units sell for up to $1,500. But the **HealthMax Stepper/Climber** is only $299 (plus $39 shipping and handling)! And you can pay in 8 convenient monthly credit card installments of just $37.38. (Shipping and handling will be added to first installment.)

Full one year limited warranty. Satisfaction guaranteed. You may return your **HealthMax Stepper/Climber** within 30 days of receipt for a full refund.

Take the *new* first step to better fitness — Order today!



Over-the-head arm extension plus stepping motion yield unmatched total body aerobics.

Sturdy steel construction. Easy to assemble.

Compact design is only 7'4" tall and takes up just 29" x 41" of floor space.

HEALTHMAX™

YOUR BREAKTHROUGH TO TOTAL FITNESS...

CALL TOLL-FREE: 1-800-367-4534 *Ext. 679-100*

Call today for a 30-day in-home trial!

© 1992 MBI

RESERVATION APPLICATION

HEALTHMAX STEPPER/CLIMBER™

Satisfaction guaranteed.

HEALTHMAX
47 Richards Avenue
Norwalk, CT 06857

CALL TOLL-FREE: 1-800-367-4534, Extension 679-100

Please accept my reservation for the **HealthMax Stepper/Climber.** My breakthrough price of only $299* is payable in eight easy credit card installments of $37.38* (plus $39 shipping/handling added to the first installment). If not delighted, I can return the **HealthMax Stepper/Climber** within 30 days of receipt for a full refund.

☐ Check here if you want the **HealthMax Stepper/Climber** charged to your: ☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard ☐ Discover ☐ Am. Ex.

Credit Card Number _____ Expiration Date _____

Name _____
Please Print Clearly.

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Signature _____
All orders subject to acceptance.

☐ I prefer to pay by check. Enclosed is my deposit of $113.72* (includes $39 shipping and handling) payable to HealthMax. I will pay the balance as billed in six monthly installments of $37.38* each.

*Any applicable sales tax will be billed with shipment. Please allow 4-8 weeks for shipment.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE WEEK

■ Jerry Brown responded to the Los Angeles riots by taking two gang members, whose *noms de gang* are TT and Loco, on a three-day campaign swing. No votes in it for Brown, since both gentlemen are felons, but "if I could vote," said Loco, "I would definitely vote for Jerry Brown."

■ An Arlington, Virginia, developer was found to have violated the Federal Fair Housing Act and forced to pay almost a million bucks because for five years its ads used only white models. This, after the GOP got hammered for its ads using Willie Horton. Can't win.

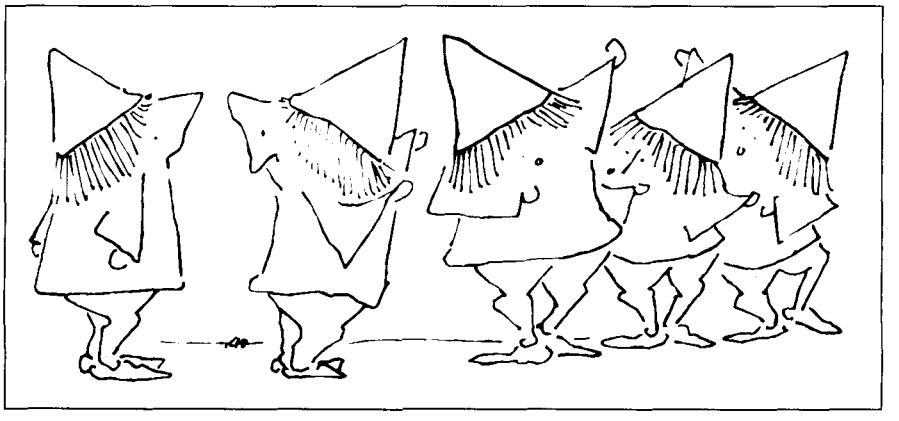
■ In a 171-page report, ignored by most of the media, attorney Peter Fleming delivered his findings on the leak to the press of Anita Hill's allegations against Clarence Thomas. Circumstantially but persuasively, Fleming laid out the evidence pointing unmistakably to James Brudney (everyone had guessed this), a staffer for Senator Howard Metzenbaum. Only Paul Gigot of the *Wall Street Journal* paid attention. As reporters always say on these occasions, they never allow the fact that they're all liberal to influence their news judgments.

■ And the result? "There was a time when politicians waved American flags to get elected. This year, Lynn Yeakel, a Pennsylvania woman who has never run for office, is gaining fast by invoking two words: Anita Hill." Thus a recent newspaper lead, describing Miss Yeakel's race against Senator Arlen Specter, who closely questioned Anita Hill in the Clarence Thomas hearings. Miss Yeakel's line worked in the Democratic primary. But the idea of Anita Hill and the reality of Anita Hill seem widely divergent. The idea of Miss Hill is that of the Jeanne d'Arc of mistreated and misunderstood women. But the truth appears to be that Anita Hill was the abuser, Clarence Thomas her victim. As investigative reporter David Brock made clear in an important article in *The American Spectator*, there were wild contradictions in Miss Hill's sworn testimony and that of her strongest witness, Yale Law School friend and now Judge Susan Hoerchner. Yes, Miss Hill *did* complain to Miss Hoerchner of "sexual harassment"—but it was apparently *before* she went to work for Clarence Thomas. The complaint was against a colleague at a private law firm; "sexual harassment" appears to have been her cover-excuse for leaving the firm, where her professional performance was judged unsatisfactory. Judge Hoerchner then attached the complaint, "forgetting" chronology, to Thomas. Yet all of this has so far not even registered .001 on the media Richter scale, and Arlen Specter may be in trouble—as he should be, for voting against Robert Bork, but not for questioning Anita Hill.

■ Pennsylvania Governor Robert Casey took the battle against his party's abortion stand to the Democrats' National Platform Committee hearings in Cleveland, where he called for a new plank supporting "reasonable regulation" of the procedure, such as parental-consent laws and bans on late-term and sex-selection abortions. Casey charged that the party's "abortion on demand" stand is in opposition to the views of millions of mainstream Democratic voters, thousands of Democratic state legislators, and some ninety congressional Democrats. It is pushing pro-life Democrats and "those who are ambivalent, but believe the numbers of abortions should be reduced," into the Republican tent. Now that's *our* version of the Big Tent Theory.

■ The 27th Amendment to the Constitution, which bars Congress from giving itself midterm pay raises, became the fundamental law of the land when Michigan became the 38th state to ratify it, 202 years after Maryland became the first. There was some huffing and puffing about the need for Congress or the Supreme Court to approve the long-drawn-out deed, as if the Constitution's directions concerning the amendment process were not plain enough. Even Harvard's Professor Laurence Tribe agreed that they had been met—and that makes it unanimous.

■ As if Communists didn't have enough to worry



"Does rhetorical hot air contribute to global warming?"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Real Story of Anita Hill

FREE With Your Order

Do you think Anita Hill was telling the whole truth when she testified against Clarence Thomas? If so, you haven't read the March issue of *The American Spectator*, America's most exciting conservative monthly magazine. In a major investigative article, award-winning reporter David Brock reveals what really happened in the Hill/Thomas affair.

- Who was the mastermind behind the plot to sabotage Clarence Thomas?
- What Senate aide spent weekends with Anita Hill at his apartment?
- Who leaked the Anita Hill story to the press?
- Who almost certainly committed perjury in testifying against Thomas?

Now the full story can be yours free, with a subscription to *The American Spectator*. We will send you a free copy of "The Real Anita Hill" by David Brock when you order a one-year (12-issue) subscription.

Isn't it time someone reported the truth about other stories shaping public debate? *The American Spectator* does. Recent articles include:

- Michael Fumento on Magic Johnson and AIDS
- Peter Collier on brownshirt Oliver Stone
- P.J. O'Rourke on America's new enemies, foreign and domestic
- James Ring Adams on the revived Medellin Drug Cartel
- David Brock on James Baker's silly State Department

Don't miss these and other investigative reports ignored by the mainstream media. Subscribe today. We are so convinced that you will enjoy the *Spectator* that we will unconditionally guarantee your satisfaction—if unhappy with the *Spectator* for any reason, simply cancel for a full refund on all unmailed issues.

Send for your trial subscription and *FREE* Anita Hill report today.

Send to: *The American Spectator*, P.O. Box 549, Arlington, Virginia, 22216-0549 *or* call 1-800-262-6600.

YES, please rush me, via first class mail, my free copy of "The Real Anita Hill" by David Brock and enter a one year trial subscription (12 issues) to *The American Spectator* for $35. I understand that if I am unhappy with *The American Spectator* for any reason I may cancel and receive a refund on all unmailed issues.

❒ Payment enclosed ❒ Charge my ❒ Visa ❒ MasterCard

Card #: _____ Exp. Date: _____ Signature: _____

Name: _____ Address: _____

City: _____ State: _____ zip code: _____

"The Real Anita Hill" report will be sent via first class mail within five business days. Please allow 6 to 8 weeks for subscription to begin.

Sorry, we can accept only checks and credit card orders for this special offer

25th Anniversary 1967-1992

NRAH4

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

about these days, Grover Norquist of Americans for Tax Reform has just filed a complaint with the Federal Election Commission against Mikhail Gorbachev, Gus Hall, Angela Davis, and the Communist Party of the United States. The charges stem from a *Washington Post* article documenting Soviet support for the CPUSA—including a receipt for two million smackers signed by Mr. Hall himself, which was found in Mr. Gorbachev's desk. Mr. Norquist charges a host of violations: exceeding FEC contribution limits, failing to register as a foreign agent, failing to report transfers of money across borders, etc. He notes that if this money went to pay salaries, the IRS will have some questions as well. And they think *they* knew all about terror!

■ A front-page story in the *New York Times* detailed the plight of a welfare family penalized because their daughter had $4,900 in the bank. The money, which the girl had earned toward her college education, exceeded the AFDC asset limits. Federal authorities told the mother she must spend the savings to remain eligible, and ordered her to repay the $9,342 in benefits received while her daughter's money was in the bank. Welfare rules should indeed be changed to encourage the poor to acquire the habits of work and saving that will get them off welfare in the long run. But the real story here is that the Rosado family didn't try to hide its assets. Unpublished Census Bureau surveys show that 62 per cent of "poor" households own a car, and 38 per cent own their own homes, half of them air conditioned. The vast majority of AFDC mothers acknowledge unreported income, often equal to the benefit itself, when queried in confidential surveys. Largely for this reason the spending of the poorest fifth of American families is more than twice their reported income. The present welfare system, Will Rogers might say, has made more liars than golf.

■ The Administration proposes to do something or another for owls that will cost "only" 15,000 jobs. That's not nearly enough, say the critics.

■ Meeting in what the *Washington Post* described as the "posh casino resort" of Paradise Island in the Bahamas, representatives of the 34 members of the Organization of American States voted without dissent to tighten the economic strangulation of Haiti, one of the world's poorest countries. This policy a) will probably have no effect on Haiti's stubborn military rulers, b) will accelerate the flood of refugees, who regard the squalid Guantanamo Bay tent city as an improvement over conditions at home, and c), on the off chance that it does succeed, will put into the premiership the head of Haiti's Communist Party, pending the return of the leftist priest Aristide, whom the military had ousted as president. It is hard to tell which will be the bigger disaster—if American policy fails or if it succeeds.

■ Anne-Imelda Radice, the acting chairman of the National Endowment for the Arts, has rejected several grants she deemed unworthy despite their approval by peer-review committees. She is coming under heavy fire from what is referred to as the "arts community." We have the spectacle of the talented composer Stephen Sondheim refusing an NEA medal on grounds of "censorship and repression" at the NEA, as if the refusal of a grant prevented the artist, composer, or writer from going ahead on his own. And surely there's something bogus about the idea of a subsidized avant garde. Rimbaud and Baudelaire did not apply to the French government for subsidies. They and countless other outlaws of sensibility regarded themselves as the enemies of the bourgeois ethos of the French Republic. Miss Radice has shown some bourgeois courage. Let the artists show some independence. Or would that be too revolutionary?

■ Bishop Eamon Casey of Galway made international headlines back in the mid 1980s when he refused to meet with Ronald Reagan during the latter's visit to Ireland, citing among other things Reagan's support of what turned out to be El Salvador's only chance for democracy. It now appears that Bishop Casey was better attuned to finding the mote in the Gipper's eye than the beam in his own, judging from the news that he fathered an illegitimate child and embezzled at least $120,000 from his diocese and from the Third World development fund of which he was in charge. Few of us are without sin, but Bishop Casey was unforgiving in denouncing as immoral anyone who opposed the least jot of the liberal agenda. But we can take little satisfaction in Bishop Casey's downfall, not least because it comes at a time when the bishop's native Ireland is on the eve of an important referendum on abortion. In its coverage of the story, the *New York Times* referred to the Bishop as a "champion of the poor"—rather an odd characterization for a clergyman who ransacked the collection box rather than sell his Mercedes to pay off his mistress. But perfectly in keeping with the most important commandments of the *Times*.

■ *Crisis* magazine quotes the late British poet Philip Larkin, answering a question about his political beliefs: "I've always been right-wing. It's difficult to say why, but I suppose I identify the Right with certain virtues and the Left with certain vices. All very unfair, no doubt." Asked for particulars, Larkin replied, "Well, thrift, hard work, reverence, desire to preserve—those are the virtues, and on the other hand, idleness, greed, and treason."

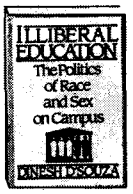
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jack Kerouac

TAKE A FREE BOOK. NO COMMITMENT. NO KIDDING.

(See details below.)

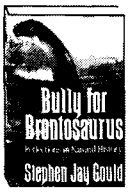
Plus a chance to get one more book for only $2.99



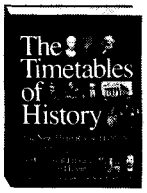
***560.** Indictment of "politically correct" trends on campuses.
Hardcover: $19.95
QPB: $9.95

***205.** The new 1992 edition of what to write, how to write it and where to sell it.
Hardcover: $28.95
QPB: $13.95

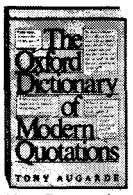
***245.** A unique, large-format classic Seuss collection.
Hardcover: $25
QPB: $13.95



552. Delightful essays by the author of *Wonderful Life*.
QPB: $11.95



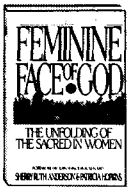
220. The new third, revised edition takes you from 5000 B.C. to 1989.
QPB: $15.95



***333.** Drawing from novels, radio, TV and ads, this all-new reference includes 5000 quotations.
Hardcover: $29.95
QPB: $15.95

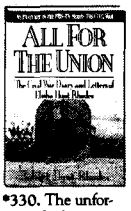
549. "One of the most important and controversial books about American Jews" —Boston Globe.
QPB: $11.95

470. The daughter of an Episcopal priest discovers why her mother abandoned them.
QPB: $9.95



***479.** Guide to women's unique spiritual dilemmas and awakenings.
Hardcover: $20
QPB: $9.95

578. Explores the theory that contemporary men have lost touch with their fathers.
QPB: $8.95



***330.** The unforgettable diary of Union soldier Elisha Hunt.
Hardcover: $20
QPB: $10.95

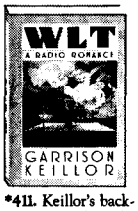
***554.** Three Chinese immigrants swept up in The American Dream in the '40s.
Hardcover: $19.95
QPB: $8.95

478. Why communication with the opposite sex leads to misunderstanding.
QPB: $9.95

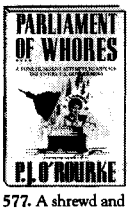
615. Landmark translation based on newly discovered manuscripts.
QPB: $7.95

239. This gardening guide and cookbook offers tips for growing vegetables and herbs.
QPB: $11.95

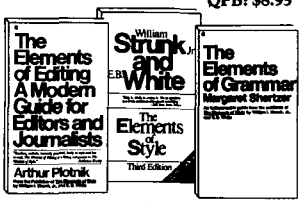
***453.** A GM riveter's gritty, compelling memoir of life on the assembly line.
Hardcover: $19.95
QPB: $8.95



***411.** Keillor's backstage romp through the golden days of radio.
Hardcover: $21.95
QPB: $11.95



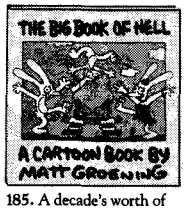
577. A shrewd and savage portrait of all things political in America.
QPB: $10.95


The Elements of Editing A Modern Guide for Editors and Journalists
Arthur Plotnik
William Strunk, Jr. E.B. White
The Elements of Style
Third Edition
The Elements of Grammar
Margaret Shertzer

109. A special QPB trio: *The Elements of Editing; The Elements of Style; The Elements of Grammar.* (3-volume set)
QPB: $10.95

674. Peter Mayle and his wife discover the charms, and idiosyncrasies, of Provence.
QPB: $8.95

160. The acclaimed history of 5 million blacks who moved South to North between the 1940s and 1960s.
QPB: $12.95



185. A decade's worth of Life in Hell cartoon strips—by the creator of The Simpsons.™
QPB: $12.95

***477.** Renowned gay authors, from E.M. Forster to Allan Gurganus collected by Edmund White.
Hardcover: $24.95
QPB: $11.95

*QPB Exclusive: The only softcover edition now available.

How QPB Membership Works:

Big savings: QPB books are softcover books in hardcover sizes, durably bound and printed on fine paper. But they are priced up to 60% less than their hardcover counterparts.

***QPB Review*:** You'll receive the *QPB Review* 15 times a year (about every 3½ weeks). Each issue reviews a new Selection, plus scores of other books. If you want the Selection, do nothing. It will be shipped to you automatically. If you want one or more of the other books—or no book at all—indicate your decision on the Reply Form always enclosed and return it by the date specified. A shipping and handling charge is added to each shipment.

Return privilege: If the *QPB Review* is delayed and you receive the Selection without having had 10 days to notify us, you may return it for credit.

Bonus books for Bonus Points: For each softcover book or set you take (except for the books in this offer), you earn Bonus Points that entitle you to choose any of our softcover books. You pay only shipping and handling charges.

Cancellations: You may cancel membership at any time by notifying QPB. We may cancel your membership if you elect not to buy at least one book in any six-month period.

Let's try each other for 6 months.

Quality Paperback Book Club,® Camp Hill, PA 17012-0001. Please enroll me in QPB and send me the free book I've indicated below, billing me only shipping and handling. I understand that I am not required to buy another book. You will send me the *QPB Review* (if my account is in good standing) for at least six months.

Indicate your book choice by number: _____ 2-A3

Add to your immediate savings: Take a 2nd book for only $2.99 (plus shipping and handling). You'll still have no obligation to buy any additional books. **$2.99** _____

Name (Please print clearly) QB123-6-2

Address Apt.

City State Zip

Do you have a telephone? ☐ YES ☐ NO (01)
Have you ever bought anything by mail in the past? ☐ YES ☐ NO (02)
How have you paid for your mail-order purchases? (check all that apply)
☐ CASH (03) ☐ CREDIT CARD (04) ☐ CHECK (05) ☐ MONEY ORDER (06)

To help us serve you, please tell us what you like to read.

	Strongly Dislike	Somewhat Dislike	No Opinion	Somewhat Like	Strongly Like
A. Fiction	1	2	3	4	5
B. Biography	1	2	3	4	5
C. Philosophy/Religion	1	2	3	4	5
D. History	1	2	3	4	5
E. Humor	1	2	3	4	5
F. Reference	1	2	3	4	5
G. How-to	1	2	3	4	5
H. Children's	1	2	3	4	5
I. Business/Finance	1	2	3	4	5
J. Cooking/Crafts	1	2	3	4	5
K. Behavior/Health	1	2	3	4	5
L. Science/Technology	1	2	3	4	5
M. Art/Photography	1	2	3	4	5

Prices are generally higher in Canada. © 1992 Quality Paperback Book Club. All orders subject to approval.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

■ Little noticed, preparations are being made to celebrate the one-billionth leak in the liberal theory that the government can spend your money better than you can. Our favorite nominee this week is a study at a Midwestern university to determine if it's really true that an elephant never forgets.

■ Showing us their heels, Italian legislators settled who is to be their president with taunts, insults, curses, and fists.

Mr. Bush Comes to Town

MR. BUSH'S package of emergency measures to help America's inner cities could easily have been worse, given the pressures to take dramatic early action of a bi-partisan kind. Some of the measures look sensible, as we explain below; others less so. But the real criticism of the package must be that it shows little inkling of the moral crisis that underlies America's urban ills.

"We've agreed on everything but the details," said a mordant Senator Dole. Indeed, the package consists of several heterogeneous programs stitched together on the grounds that they all take place in cities. The one with most immediate application to burnt-out South-Central L.A. is the $500 million in emergency Small Business Administration loans. Many businessmen will undoubtedly take the money and run, but this is exactly what SBA loan recipients do in normal circumstances: more than 20 per cent of all SBA loans are never repaid in full. In the meantime, the success stories will generate enough photo opportunities to make the exercise worth while to politicians.

But a genuine, lasting urban renaissance depends on inner-city entrepreneurs' succeeding without permanent government subsidies. Enterprise zones, where businesses are exempted from burdensome taxes and regulations, offer at least a chance of attracting private capital to the ghetto. The President's package would create fifty such zones over the next five years.

A little skepticism is in order, however. EZs have already been tried—with mixed results—in 36 states and the District of Columbia. Most of them aren't real free-market zones. They often rely on massive cash grants to business, not just tax relief, to create the illusion of success. Corporate welfare presumably isn't what Jack Kemp and others had in mind when they first floated the idea during the Reagan years. It is too often what they have got.

To ensure the success of its own EZ program, the Federal Government would have to eliminate capital-gains taxes in the designated zones. The political horse-trading required to pass such legislation is likely to outweigh the economic benefits, however. Charles Rangel (D., N.Y.), who represents the South Bronx, is the chief Democratic sponsor of Jack Kemp's EZ legislation. But his price, at least until now, was a broad tax increase—clearly an unacceptable trade-off. Until Senator Dole produces some details, therefore, we must suspend judgment.

The President's package also embraces Jack Kemp's goal of turning public-housing tenants into owners, pledging $1 billion for this purpose. Unfortunately, such privatization can cost more than new housing projects. The much-touted sale of the Kenilworth–Parkside housing project in Washington, D.C., for example, ended up costing taxpayers $130,000 per apartment, because of the renovations and subsidies required to induce tenants to purchase something they would never really be allowed to own. For, as a result of congressional horse-trading, HUD's Housing Opportunity for People Everywhere (HOPE) program does not allow "owners" to sell their units on the open market, but only to the government or government-approved groups. To make matters worse, every unit "privatized" under HOPE is replaced, one for one, with new public housing.

Housing vouchers offer a far more effective alternative, especially in cities where there is no rent control to impede the housing supply. A twenty-year voucher program costs roughly 40 per cent as much as new public-housing construction. However, only the poor benefit; so there is no special-interest pressure for vouchers, and they are not a high-priority item in the White House. Nor, until this package, was school choice.

But not even the most perfectly crafted urban program will succeed if we fail to contain inner-city crime. Quite simply, people will not work, save, and improve their properties if their lives are dominated by fear, crime, and criminals. We therefore welcome the $500-million "Weed and Seed" program targeted to drive drug dealers and violent criminals from blighted neighborhoods. But the urban crime rate will not be reversed or even slowed down until we tackle the insidious social diseases from which it →

The Missing Ingredient

At Clinton rallies, there's a look
Of going through it by the book,
While Bush extravaganzas swing
Like folks who sang along with Bing;
But down in Austin, where the flow
Of signatures for Ross Perot
Was hauled in by the metric ton,
They whooped it up and had some fun.

W. H. VON DREELE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Perhaps the Most Politically Incorrect Journal in America

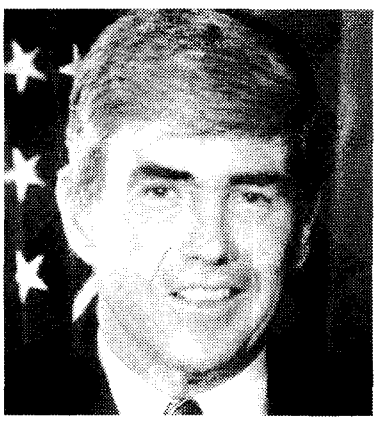
The New York Guardian

A National Newsmonthly Published from New York for Opinion Makers across the Country who...

AGREE...

...with national leaders like Ronald Reagan who said *The Guardian* was "A Refreshing newspaper to read– an important enterprise."

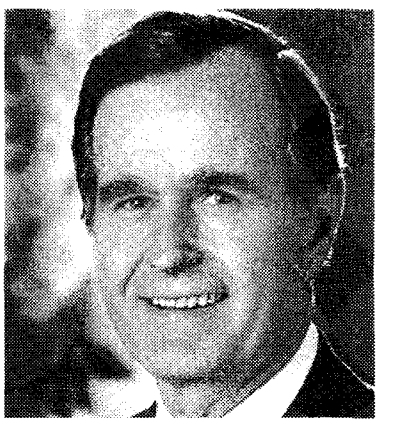
Guardian exclusives have led to Congressional amendments to stop NEA funds for use by abortion rights activists on MTV and Department of Education funds for homosexual recruitment of teenagers.



WANT...

...a "new powerful voice for conservative ideas," as Jack Kemp described *The New York Guardian*.

Articles by leading thinkers such as Paul Johnson, Reed Irvine, Caspar Weinberger, Rush Limbaugh, Malachi Martin, Joe Farah, James Dobson, Richard John Neuhaus, Herb London and Marlin Maddoux have appeared on the pages of *The New York Guardian*.



SEEK...

...controversy. *The Guardian* scooped the major media in reporting that President Bush's NEA Chairman was set to resign. *The Guardian* had broken nearly every NEA scandal for eight months leading to his resignation. Groundbreaking exposés on Ted Kennedy, tax waste, AIDS, and other hard hitting stories were first read by *Guardian* subscribers.

For the news the media elites refuse to cover, subscribe now to The New York Guardian.
12 Issues for only $20! — For credit card orders call 1-800-248-8634

Remit to: The NY Guardian; P.O.Box 175; New Hyde Park, NY 11040
Check One: ❑ $20 for one year (12 issues) ❑ $33 for two years
Method of payment ❑ Check Enclosed
❑ Charge My Credit Card: ❑ VISA ❑ Mastercard
Card #_____
Expiration Date: ___/___
Signature_____
Name_____
Address_____
City _____State _____Zip _____
Telephone # _____ 3-AT

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Your Money Back

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Why the Poor Stay Poor

BILL CLINTON blames the L.A. riots on "12 years of denial and neglect." The alleged "neglect," however, is not evident in federal spending trends of the Reagan/Bush years:

FEDERAL SOCIAL SPENDING
(Billions of 1987 Dollars)

	Transfer Payments	Grants to States and Cities	Total	Total as % of Budget	Total as % of GDP
1981	$420.5	$72.4	$492.9	56.3	12.9
1989	490.8	50.3	541.1	51.6	11.5
1991	542.6	53.8	596.4	53.9	12.7
1992E	593.1	56.7	649.8	54.1	13.6
Percentage Change					
1981-89	16.7	–30.5	9.8		
1989-92	20.8	12.7	20.0		

Federal social spending rose by nearly 10 per cent in real terms during the Reagan years, and another 20 per cent during the first three Bush years. Throughout the 1980s these programs accounted for more than half of all federal spending.

Of course, not all such spending is directed exclusively to the poor—notably Social Security. But according to the non-partisan Congressional Research Service, the fastest-growing segment of social spending is precisely the "safety net" programs, including AFDC, Medicaid, food stamps, and housing subsidies. Funding for the 38 programs targeting poor children and their families increased 18 per cent during the Reagan years, from $104 billion (1989 dollars) in 1981 to $123 billion in 1989.

In the wake of Los Angeles, the *New York Times* bemoaned "slashed federal assistance to cities." Federal grants to state and local governments did fall 31 per cent, in real dollars, between 1981 and 1989. A "war against the poor"? Hardly. One of these programs terminated under Reagan, Urban Development Action Grants, had helped local contractors build glitzy hotels and health spas; Community Development Grants had gone to such underprivileged cities as Greenwich, Palo Alto, and Houston at the height of the oil boom; the enormous fees paid to Job Corps contractors meant it would have been cheaper to send participants to Harvard for a year.

Why, then, did the inner-city poverty rate remain so high? Part of the explanation undoubtedly rests in the well known flaws (e.g., the failure to count non-cash benefits) in the poverty-rate calculation itself. But the rapid dissolution of black families offers a far more compelling explanation. (See chart below.)

In 1988 63.5 per cent of all black babies were born out of wedlock, up from 55.2 per cent in 1980, and 37.6 per cent as recently as 1970. As a result, the number of black single-parent families grew by more than 650,000 between 1980 and 1990, while the number of intact black families actually fell.

Intact black families did well during the Reagan years. A booming economy lifted their real median income by 15.9 per cent between 1982 and 1989, compared to a 15.4 per cent gain registered by their white counterparts. By 1990 half of black husband–wife families had incomes above $33,393.

If the rising tide failed to lift female-headed black families, it was because they simply weren't in the water. In 1988 only 42 per cent of such mothers were employed even part-time; 13 per cent were unemployed, and 45 per cent were out of the labor force entirely, neither working or looking for work.

More ominously, the inclination of boys born into such families to look for work appears to be waning too. From 1954 to 1965 black and white males aged 16 to 19 participated in the labor force at similar rates, with black youths actually more likely to be working or looking for work than whites. By the mid 1970s only 45 per cent of black

BLACK FAMILIES WITH CHILDREN

	Married Couples		Single Parents	
	Number (Mils.)	Poverty Rate (%)	Number (Mils.)	Poverty Rate (%)
1980	2.154	15.5	2.311	54.1
1988	2.181	12.5	2.829	54.4
1990	2.104	14.3	2.965	53.5
Percentage Change, 1980–90				
	–2.3	–1.2	+28.3	–0.6

youths were in the labor force, versus 60 per cent of whites. As the unemployment rate for black males declined during the Eighties, the percentage in prison rose by nearly 40 per cent, and the number dropping out of the labor force increased by nearly 18 per cent.

If the Eighties economy couldn't lure black youths back into the labor force, there is little prospect of purely economic incentives reversing the inner-city slide. We will have to look outside economics for answers. —ED RUBENSTEIN

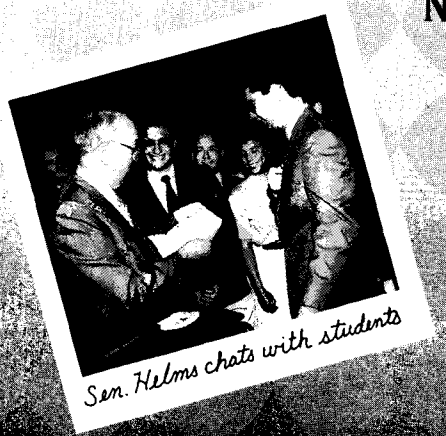
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SEIZE THE DAY

DON'T MISS YOUR CHANCE TO EXPERIENCE WASHINGTON FIRST HAND FROM THE INSIDE.

14TH ANNUAL NATIONAL CONSERVATIVE STUDENT CONFERENCE

JULY 19-26, 1992



Sen. Helms chats with students

Students debate conference issues

Newt Gingrich delivers a speech

"The conference was a tremendous opportunity. What a week!"

—T.S., student

"I thoroughly enjoyed the speakers, as well as the opportunity to spend time with conservative students from across the country."

—P.R., student

"This summer, I had the distinct pleasure of addressing the Foundation's summer conference here in Washington. I was extremely impressed with the dedication to American values all the students shared. As conservatives, the best investment we can make is in the youth that will be our leaders and educators of tomorrow."

—Cong. Newt Gingrich, Republican Whip

PAST CONFERENCE SPEAKERS

SEN. JESSE HELMS
JACK KEMP
SEN. MALCOLM WALLOP
EDWIN MEESE
NEWT GINGRICH
RUSSELL KIRK

- Learn the Principles of Activism
- Private Congressional Reception and Briefing
- Meet Conservative Leaders
- Conservative Academic Lectures
- Private White House Briefing
- Dinner Banquets with Famous Conservatives

YOUNG AMERICA'S FOUNDATION

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY/STATE _____ ZIP _____

Clip Coupon and send to Young America's Foundation

F.M. Kirby Freedom Center

110 Elden Street, Herndon, Virginia 22070

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stems: the breakdown of inner-city families, the absence of community institutions with real roots in the neighborhood, and the corruption of a liberal establishment unwilling to enforce the law and ensure public safety.

By proposing legislation that would allow greater state flexibility in welfare policy, the Administration has taken one small step to cure the first disease. In this issue, Alan Keyes proposes to alleviate the second by giving inhabitants control over their own neighborhoods—control that would include supervising parolees and returning them to prison if they threatened the peace and order of the community. But as Charles Murray and Lorrin Anderson point out, it is the corruption of the liberal establishment that is hardest—and most necessary—to cure. America has been discussing the "problem" of the underclass for twenty years—fruitlessly. We cannot begin to solve it until we have dealt with the problem of the overclass.

I Say Iraqgate, You Say Irangate

THE AMERICAN people can be forgiven if they get "Irangate" and "Iraqgate" mixed up, and future political scientists will need to inquire how these two thug regimes acquired the ability to tie our political system up in knots.

Henry Gonzalez (D., Tex.), Chairman of the House Banking Committee, has never been known for his foreign-policy acumen, nor is his committee the place for a serious investigation of Middle Eastern affairs. Yet he has achieved a critical mass of media respectability with his dogged pursuit of the Bush Administration's wooing of Saddam Hussein before the invasion of Kuwait. Gonzalez seeks to show that the Administration's "flawed and tragic policy" built Saddam into a monster, thus producing the war we then had to fight in Desert Storm.

The broad charge is far-fetched and based upon the fallacy that foreign policy should take no account of changing circumstances. We were right to align ourselves with Saddam and his Arab backers when they were all that stood against the Ayatollah Khomeini's drive for domination of the Persian Gulf, and right to oppose him when he in turn became the threat to Gulf stability. But the Administration was slow to discern—after the Iran–Iraq war ended in 1988—that Iraq was preparing for its own bid for regional hegemony. The U.S. Government made some decisions regarding economic relations with Iraq that, on the face of it, are embarrassing today.

We await the Administration's side of the story. Congressional Democrats have many ulterior motives here, including the need to cover up their own (for the most part) pathetic performance when the time came a year ago January to stand up to Saddam. Nevertheless the Administration will need to make its own case fully and effectively or else risk major political damage.

Just how serious this can be is illustrated by the saga of Independent Counsel Lawrence Walsh, with his five-year, taxpayer-funded wild-goose chase after Iran–Contra miscreants. All the main architects of the original White House Iran–Contra schemes have gotten off scot free; some unfortunate individuals who were roped in peripherally have been bludgeoned into plea bargains. Now, the Walsh juggernaut is pursuing Reagan Administration officials who were vociferous *opponents* of the Iran–Contra policies!

The "offense" apparently lies in testimony that former Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger and former Secretary of State George Shultz gave concerning their knowledge of the secret White House–sponsored arms shipments to Iran, especially a delivery of U.S. Hawk anti-aircraft missiles from Israel to Iran in November 1985. Both Shultz and Weinberger were strongly opposed to this. Weinberger's office may have had some minor role, since military equipment was involved; Shultz did his best to steer clear of the whole matter once the President decided to go forward. The Independent Counsel seems nonetheless determined to implicate them.

When leaks first appeared of Judge Walsh's latest effort, it seemed an exercise with no rational purpose. Now we know more of the motive: Weinberger was reportedly threatened with indictment on charges of perjury and obstruction of justice unless he provided evidence against Ronald Reagan himself. Weinberger has courageously stood his ground, denying any wrongdoing and refusing to turn on his former Commander-in-Chief. Walsh seems to have blinked, letting a federal grand jury go out of business without handing down any such indictment. Walsh and his not-totally-under-control staff are brooding on their next move.

We await the day when the wild man of Iran-

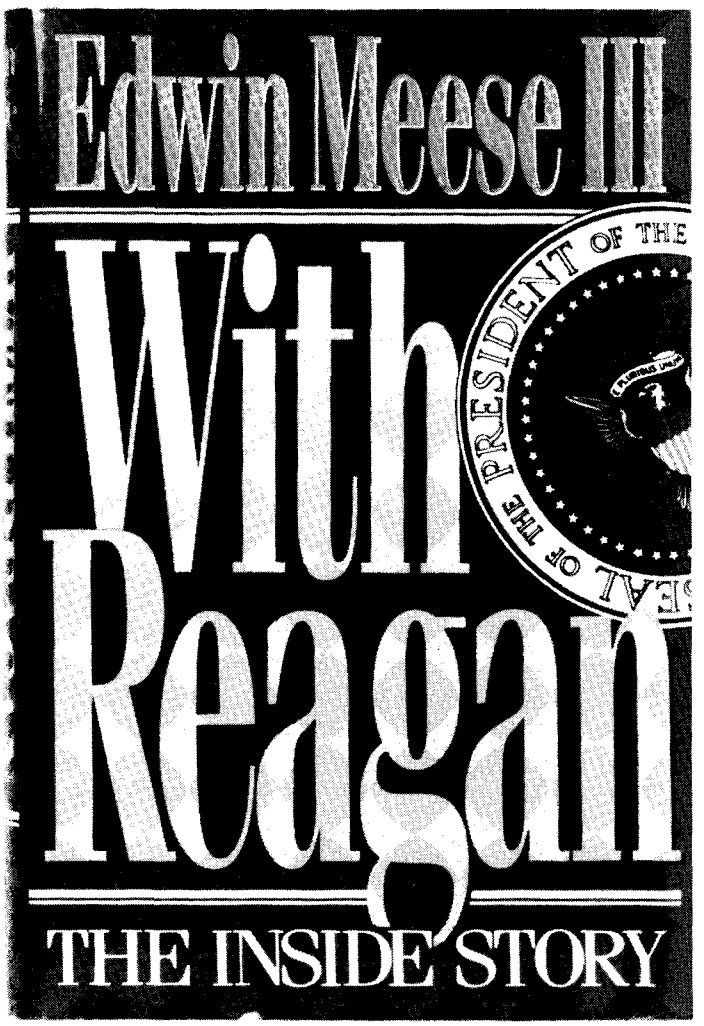
All Is Forgiven

Like the guy who looked so sad
In an early Lifebuoy ad,
But, with lather, lucked out as
All his rivals got the razz,
Jack Kemp's back on speaking terms
With George Bush, whose can of worms
Squirm so lustfully, he told
Kemp to come in from the cold.

W. H. VON DREELE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now! The True Story of The Reagan Revolution



Ed Meese, the closest confidant to Ronald Reagan for more than two decades, tells the real story of the so-called October Surprise, the Iran-Contra affair, why the White House leakers didn't want to let "Reagan be Reagan" — and much, much more.

This is no kiss-and-tell book of trivial gossip. It's filled with facts, names and insights.

"The author portrays Reagan as a decisive and intelligent leader in contrast to the image of the President that often emerged in the press . . . . brisk and engrossing . . . " – Kirkus Reviews

"Ed Meese has a unique vantage point from which to discuss the man and his presidency." – David Brinkley

Now at your favorite book store. Or, call toll-free 1-800/955-5493 — 24 hours a day — to order by credit card (American Express, MasterCard, Visa). Or, use this coupon.

REGNERY GATEWAY
P.O. BOX 39 FEDERALSBURG, MD 21632-0039

Rush me___ copies of ***WITH REAGAN*** at $24.95 each.
Enclosed is my check $_____.
Charge my credit card: ❑ American Express ❑ MasterCard ❑ VISA

Account No. _____ Expiration Date ____

Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

City_____ State ____ Zip ____

(add $4.00 for shipping/handling for first book; $1.00 per book for additional books.
DC residents add 6% sales tax; MD 5%.

REGNERY GATEWAY
Publishers since 1947

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

amok—Lawrence Walsh—retires to some MacArthur grant, or United Way presidency, or other appropriate pasture where he can do much less harm to our society.

Fetal Attraction

AS NATIONAL REVIEW goes to press congressional Democrats—with the help of a handful of GOP defectors—believe they have the votes to hand President Bush his first veto override. The issue is a bill introduced by California liberal Henry Waxman that would overturn the ban on federally funded human transplants using tissue from induced abortions. Although pro-choicers are at present mostly claiming this is a health and not an abortion issue, Professor Laurence Tribe testified that passage of the Waxman bill would help give Congress constitutional authority to pass a "Freedom of Choice Act" to ensure nationwide abortion on demand. Coming as it would on the eve of hearings on the 1992 Republican platform, a defeat for Bush would create new pressure on the GOP to drop its pro-life plank.

At work here is a combination of bogus science and liberal demagoguery. The scientific argument is that life-saving research will otherwise be thwarted. That argument was met by a Hatch amendment that would establish a national tissue bank *not* based on abortion; but a number of GOP senators—Bob Dole, Strom Thurmond, Pete Domenici, Connie Mack, Jake Garn, Dan Coats—joined the Democrats in defeating it. However, the President has issued an executive order calling for just such a bank so that legitimate research can continue. A conservative estimate is that miscarriages and ectopic pregnancies would provide two thousand fetuses per year for such research. According to the assistant secretary for health, Dr. James Mason, there have been only sixty transplants in the last three decades.

In other words, the President's order more than provides for legitimate research needs. What Mr. Bush has refused to do is make research depend on abortion, which would lend respectability to the abortion culture, not to mention setting up inducements for an industry in human spare parts. On this issue the President is on the side of the angels.

The Bear Awakens

NATIONAL REVIEW has supported aid for Russia's democratic reformist government and continues to do so. But we would be remiss if we failed to acknowledge disturbing developments in Russian foreign policy. These include: a continuing Russian dependence on sales of weapons and other dangerous technology to earn hard currency, including a recent sale of advanced rocket engines to India; espionage activities, particularly directed at the acquisition of sensitive Western industrial technology; foot-dragging on the promised withdrawal of troops from the Baltic nations; diplomatic recognition of the Communist rump state of Yugoslavia; and the construction of Chernobyl-style nuclear reactors in Cuba, close enough to our shores to pose an unacceptable danger to our well-being. These lapses must be weighed against the generally positive thrust of Russia's policy in Europe and the Middle East and, above all, the dismantling of its military machine.

Russia was bound to recover its bearings as an independent nation and to perceive interests not always identical to ours. Its present wholesale dependence on Western economic help, however, gives it a powerful incentive to continue on a constructive course. This aid constitutes our leverage. We should use it intelligently, making it conditional on progress toward a peaceable market democracy. Second, we need to keep our geopolitical eyes open. It is more than ever in our interest to bolster the independence of Russia's neighbors—Ukraine, Kazakhstan, the Baltic states, and Eastern Europe.

We retain, of course, our strong interest in supporting Russia's democratic experiment, but on the realistic calculation that a Russia governed in a liberal fashion will be less able or inclined to threaten others. Yet the disturbing developments in Russia's external and internal politics suggest we should not rest our entire security on such sadly contingent prospects. We must proceed with care and some historical memory.

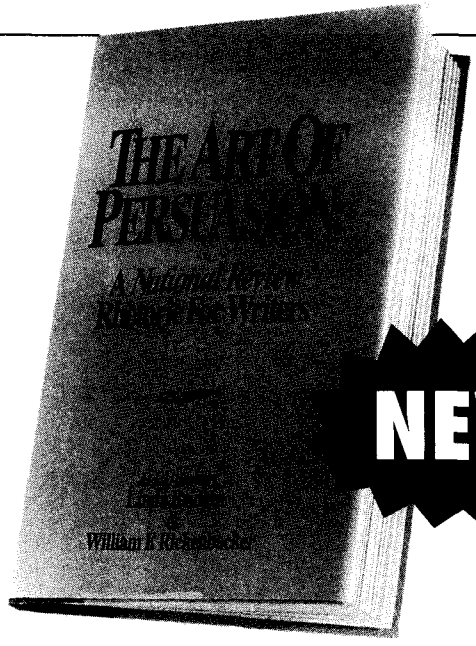
Marlene Dietrich, R I P

MARLENE DIETRICH made a virtue of not having it, and not missing it. "I played whores," she once recalled, unfairly. What she really played was a woman with a past, but her implied past was less a stain than a resource. Some ineffable reservoir of experience seemed to have endowed her with an assurance denied to the rest of us. It could make her a merciless destroyer of men, like Lola Lola in *The Blue Angel*, but it could also create delicious comedy when she was paired with, and conquered by, a male of defenseless innocence, like James Stewart in *Destry Rides Again*.

Making all allowances for her legendary eyes, cheekbones, legs, and alto profundo voice, Dietrich's essence isn't captured by the usual adjectives: beautiful, feminine, "sexy," or even glamorous. She had

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

At Last, Your Guide To Writing With Clarity and Style



Announcing:

The Art of Persuasion: A National Review Rhetoric for Writers

The new, groundbreaking manual on how to add panache to your prose. Get your first-run edition now directly from NATIONAL REVIEW for just $19.95.

"Readers of this book will improve themselves about that which matters most (Aristotle did define human beings as the language-using animals), and will smile all the while. Furthermore, this wise and funny book may rescue the idea of rhetoric from the faint taste of disreputableness that now attaches to it."

—GEORGE F. WILL

Bridges and Rickenbacker are "free-spirited teachers" who "take us on a romp through Writing 401. This is no primer for beginners. This is the stuff of graduate school, the way graduate school ought to be."

— JAMES J. KILPATRICK

At long last, a *real* guide to writing, from the very magazine that's renowned for its stylishness. Bursting with simple, sensible, concrete techniques to improved writing, **The Art of Persuasion**—"laid down" by *NR*'s own Linda Bridges and William F. Rickenbacker—is definitely something you'll want to have, for yourself and/or that kinsman, friend, student or business associate.

Sure, there are already dozens of manuals that have claimed (for *years*) to teach you how to write. But here at NATIONAL REVIEW, we see what they've wrought: a large percentage of current high school students who can *barely* write letters, a generation of college graduates (and some professors!) whose prose is often impenetrable and torturous (never mind ungrammatical!), etc.

So *NR* decided to create something long overdue: a *useful* writing guide for the intelligent person—who knows the grammatical rules of the language, but who has been henpecked by writing "experts" into hatching dull prose.

The result: **The Art of Persuasion**, an engaging, witty and *useful* manual that shows writers how to grab, hold, surprise, please, amuse and persuade readers, all in six stylishly written chapters (and two information-crammed appendices).

If you write—whether it be books, essays, inter-office memos, or Christmas cards—then **The Art of Persuasion** is a must-have for you. You'll find it practical, and an enjoyable read (and the hardcover edition will make a handsome addition to your book collection).

Order your copy of one of the most important books you'll ever own: simply fill out the handy coupon below and mail it back today. (Better yet, order two copies of **The Art of Persuasion** and save $7 off the full cost.)

☐ **Yes,** send me my copy of **The Art of Persuasion** at the special *NR* price of $19.95. I also enclose $2.00 to cover postage and handling.

☐ **Better yet,** send me *two* copies for the *very* special rate of $35.00 (plus only $2.00 to cover postage and handling). That saves me $7.00 off the full cost.

Mail copies to:

Name _____

Address _____

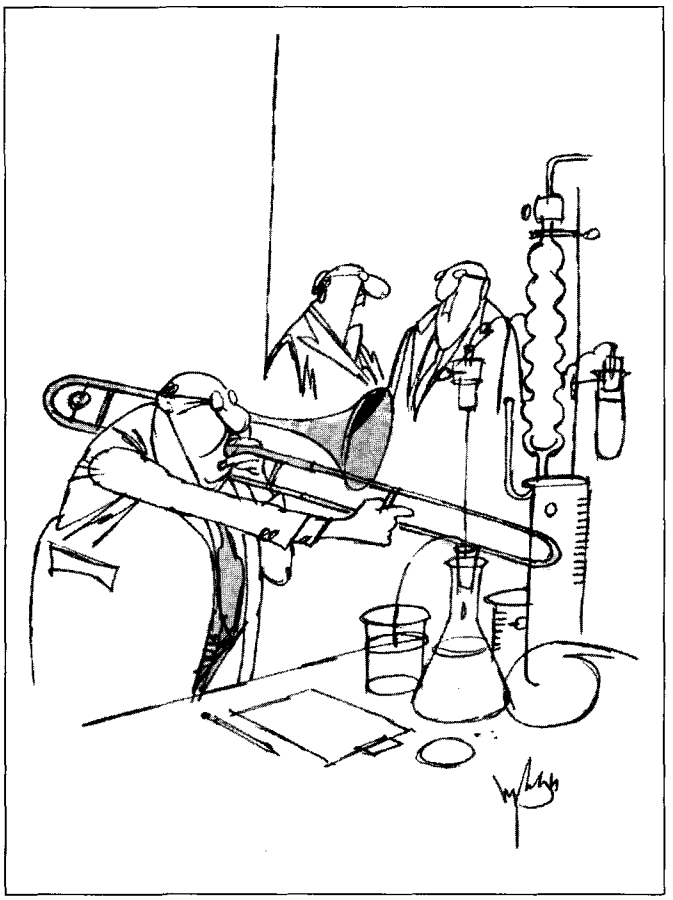
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

(Canadian and all other foreign orders, please add $4.00 U.S. currency for shipping and handling.)

Mail to: **National Review, Art of Persuasion, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016**

6892

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"It's a real breakthrough—'Basin Street Blues' is a catalyst!"

the allure of those rare beings who appear to be exactly what they want to be, and both sexes felt it. Her careless power over others only seemed to amuse her. Like Garbo, she showed us the difference between mere entertainment and utter fascination.

NOTES & ASIDES

■ Urgent to WFB:

Concerning the word "chigetai"* ["Notes & Asides," March 16], I urge you to adopt it and use it often before anyone else co-opts it. We have a lot of them here in Connecticut, only we call them "liberals."

Yours for life!
Paul R. Bruch, MD
Southbury, Conn.

*"Chigetai: A long-eared wild ass from outer Mongolia" (*Webster's Third New International*).

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I am a Republican, a conservative, and an admirer of you as well as *NR*. However, in the Citation for the Presidential Medal of Freedom [quoted in "Notes & Asides," Dec. 16] you were referred to as "a tireless worker in the vineyards of liberty."

Given the problems with alcohol abuse, let's replace "vineyards" with "stockyards."

Cordially,
William C. Holt Jr.
Wimberley, Tex.

Dear Mr. Holt: But beefeaters have problems of their own, do they not? Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

As a 100-pound female pilot who has no trouble "manhandling" a 23-ton transport aircraft (without the benefit of hydraulic assist on the controls), I take exception to Mr. Rickenbacker's absurd comments about women fighter pilots ["Notes & Asides," Feb. 3]. Mr. Rickenbacker blathers about men being more capable than women of utilizing the "gulp and shout" system of breathing to retain cranial blood during high-G maneuvers. On the contrary, a U.S. Air Force study indicates that the exact opposite is true—the female physiology is more efficient at performing the "gulp and shout."

A further absurdity of Mr. Rickenbacker is that women go "unpredictably wacky during menstruation." Given the high number of males incarcerated for committing "unpredictably wacky" crimes, perhaps the armed services ought to reconsider just which gender to use in combat aircraft.

Sincerely,
Danis Sill
Norristown, Pa.

Dear Mr. Buckley:

William F. Rickenbacker comments erroneously concerning the effect of G forces on female pilots.

Studies conducted at the School of Aerospace Medicine at Brooks Air Force Base have clearly established that, in general, women are capable of remaining conscious and functioning through a significantly higher range of G forces than males. Until now that has remained rather esoteric knowledge, since women were not permitted to fly combat missions. However, the medical facts have been clearly documented. (Brooks has an amazing movie of a woman remaining fully conscious at G forces that would put any male into oblivion.)

There may be many emotionally charged reasons for or against using women as combat aviators, but the physiological data clearly supports the benefits of using women in that role.

Sincerely,
William E. Cusack Jr., MD
Colonel FS MC MeANG (Ret.)
Dover, N.H.

Dear Dr. Cusack: Mr. Rickenbacker advises us that he meant exactly the reverse of what he wrote. That sometimes happens to all of us. Cordially, **—WFB**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ON THE SCENE

Blame It on Rio

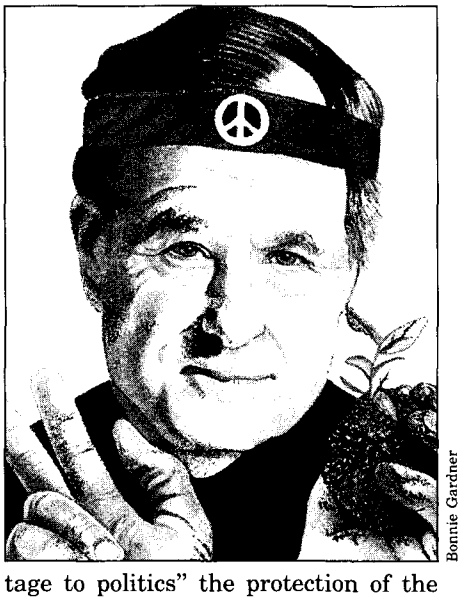
WILLIAM McGURN

WASHINGTON, D.C.

IN VAIN have I labored these past three years to explain the Bush Administration. Each fresh lunacy—the abandonment of the tax issue, the embracing of quotas, the failure to rub out Saddam—I have greeted with bafflement, unable to come up with any philosophical construct that lends them coherence. Until now, that is. With George Bush's decision to attend the Earth Summit in Rio de Janeiro, the existence of one operative question behind every Administration action has become painfully obvious: What can we do today to offend Bill McGurn?

This may sound far-fetched, but only when this model is applied do the thousands of seemingly disconnected decisions take on some coherence. Certainly they cannot be explained as being in Mr. Bush's self-interest. From an approval rating that would be the envy of Mother Teresa, the President today matches Ed McMahon in popular esteem. The announcement that he will be going to Rio is typical of an Administration bent on reaching out to constituencies that will only use the occasion to bash the President while eroding support in its own base.

So generous has the Administration become in this regard that Bush-bashing has become a ritual literally in his own back yard. Take his recent Rose Garden ceremony to celebrate the moratorium on regulation announced in his State of the Union address. Minutes after the President concluded his speech, the executive director of the Environmental Defense Fund, Fred Krupp, stepped up to the microphone to accuse George Bush of "holding hostage to politics" the protection of the environment and public health. Guess what the press decided to play up? What completes the circle is that Krupp was there as the guest of the President's point man on environmental issues, Michael Deland.



Bonnie Gardner

"It's going to be the same old story down in Rio," says the president of the Competitive Enterprise Institute, Fred Smith. "Essentially he'll be forced to sell out and then the other side will accuse him of not going far enough."

This is becoming the hallmark of the Bush Presidency, or at least of its ceremonial side. Remember the emergency White House confab with black civil-rights leaders after the riots? The routine is that George Bush extends an invitation to the establishment on any given issue (which usually means people hostile to the Republican agenda). Mr. Bush has his say. And then the crowd walks out of the White House or Rose Garden into the press stakeout where Ann Devroy of the *Washington Post* and all three networks invite them to lambaste Mr. Bush just moments after he has told them how much he values their opinion.

The same will happen in Rio, but this time on an international scale. Ostensibly the President will be going to sign an agreement on climate control (global warming) that vaguely commits the world to achieving 1990 levels of carbon dioxide at some indefinite time in the future. In reality the gathering is just a confab of slow-growthers, population-control freaks, and Malthusian rain-forest types who hope to lay down the legal groundwork for more regulation and transfers of gobs of money (the UN's own estimate for the tab is $125 billion) from the West to countries that are bound to use it for mischief. On top of the climate treaty that Mr. Bush has agreed to, negotiators are busy dreaming up a wish list of environmental goodies that CEI's James Sheehan succinctly characterizes as "every stupid idea under the sun."

In other words, Mr. Bush is setting himself up for a mugging. The sad thing is that within his own Administration, there were precious few to warn against the obvious. Dan Quayle, a sensible chap, was naturally opposed to Mr. Bush's going, and staffers Bill Kristol and David Rivkin did yeoman work. So did Teresa Gorman in the domestic-policy shop, who found herself the subject of some nasty (and false) press leaks from the pro-Rio set. Michael Boskin, Mr. Bush's economic advisor, fought the good fight and lost. But some of the other voices were conspicuously missing in action. Why wasn't Robert Mosbacher's Commerce Department raising hell about yet another blow to American competitiveness? Why didn't the President's science advisor, Allan Bromley, use his office more publicly to put down the psuedo-scientific flapdoodle underlying the summit negotiations? Why wasn't Chief of Staff Sam Skinner sounding the alarm about the effect on American transportation? And why was the business community silent as the noose was being slipped around its neck?

Part of the reason is that most of the Bushies who are more or less inclined to do the right thing are not passionately inclined, and they are opposed by people who may be wrong but are committed to their vision. The number-one booster of the trip was, naturally, EPA administrator William

Mr. McGurn is NR's Washington Bureau Chief.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Reilly, followed by Brent Scowcroft and Bob Grady. Mr. Reilly is an old-time tree-hugger who seems to prefer spotted owls and snail darters to people. General Scowcroft argued on foreign-policy grounds, namely that the President could not maintain his world leadership if he skipped a meeting everyone else was going to. Mr. Grady, a Sierra Club member, is the man who came up with the idea of having Mr. Bush go to Boston Harbor in 1988 to shame Michael Dukakis on the environment. It didn't help that campaign chief Bob Teeter also thought it made good electoral sense to cloak the President in green.

Mr. Reilly even went as far as having his people float rumors that he would resign if the President didn't go, but he didn't need to. No one wanted George Bush to go to Rio more than George Bush himself. It's his kind of show: lots of other world leaders, an issue that lets him go on about how much he cares. When he comes down from the ozone, of course, he's going to find himself under attack from Bill Clinton and the press about too little, too late. And he's going to be hard pressed to resist a Luddite Gore–Waxman energy bill when he has already accepted its premise in Rio.

Of course, just because the President's going to Rio doesn't mean it has to be a disaster. He could take the opportunity, *à la* Reagan at Reykjavik, to say that America was not going to surrender to Malthus and maybe to suggest that Korea and Singapore have done better than India and the Philippines at balancing providing for their people with genuine environmental concerns. It's not written in stone that Rio has to be a re-run of Tokyo. "It's not necessary," sighs one Administration official, "but it's inevitable." □

Japanese Eye View

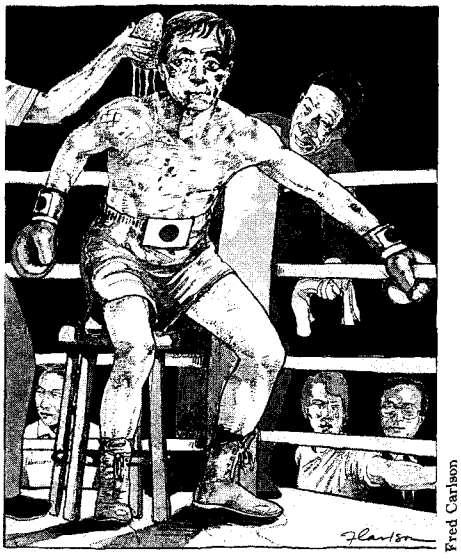
DONALD KIRK

TOKYO

THE retarded teenager in the Kurosawa film *Dodesuka Den* lives in his own dream, repeating the sound of the train, "Dodesuka den, dodesuka den, dodesuka den," oblivious to his sordid surroundings. He is the central character in a cast of dreamers, refusing to face a tough outside world, preferring their own illusions of a life of comfort and security.

The film, a classic of the American-occupation era, endures as a parable of modern Japan, a tight island nation of 124 million, prospering as never before but wondering if their life of affluence is but a dream after all. Suddenly reality dawns: the economy is "declining"; the Nikkei is "falling"—though not necessarily "crashing." Manufacturing profits are dropping precipitously—perhaps as much as 70 per cent. The gross national product is showing "negative growth." Real estate is down by 5 per cent. Could the great spending spree be nearly over?

What next? Japan to the barricades? Fortress Japan? "Japanese foreign policy still leans to the traditional attitude of the Meiji era," says Kaoru Okano, president of Meiji University, evoking the period, in the late nineteenth century, when Japan quite suddenly turned into a modern state under the munificent Emperor Meiji. "Japan is not a multicultural society," he observes, reminding a listener of one of the underlying facts of Japanese life: the ancient fear of intrusion by *gaijin*, "outside people," foreigners. "Japan is afraid of the rest of the world."



Fred Carlson

Japan, to be sure, has advanced considerably from the days of Emperor Meiji. Japan has also, one is led to believe, gotten over some of the attitudes of the 1930s, when Japanese troops marched to "co-prosperity" in Southeast Asia to fend off the ABCD powers, the Americans, British, Chinese, and Dutch. The fact remains that, as every Japanese comes out of middle school knowing, Japan still had to join "the Pacific war" for the sake of oil and other natural resources—cut off by a coterie of foreign enemies, notably A, B, C, and D.

It is a complex that endures to this day. Nor do the Japanese have to look far afield for evidence that their fears are justified. There, within sight of the coast of Hokkaido, lies the closest of the four "northern islands," seized by Soviet troops in the last week of World War II and still, to Tokyo's consternation, held by the Soviet empire's Russian heirs. There, right across the Sea of Japan, lies the Korean peninsula, inhabited by a raucous people raised to civilized heights under Japanese colonial rule, as the Japanese see it, and now divided between a Communist madman wielding a nuclear club in the North and a bunch of brawling businessmen in the South underselling the Japanese with "inferior" goods around the world.

The issues get more complicated as the Japanese look to China—the ancient source of culture, including much of the Japanese system of writing—and the nations of Southeast Asia, bound together in emotions ranging from intuitive distrust to bitter hatred. The Japanese know the impression they create and attempt from time to time to do something about it. "We are not taking part as a big military power any more," Yutaka Nomura, director of a quasi-governmental center for ASEAN, reminds a luncheon crowd. "As a good equal partner, we are working together. We should be very sincere, very honest."

Such is the residual fear of a rearmed Japan, though, that the suggestion that Japanese troops might join a United Nations peace-keeping force in Cambodia raises cold sweats in China and Southeast Asia. The mere thought of a couple of hundred Japanese soldiers, even under the command of a senior officer from some totally harmless place like Sweden or Norway, is enough to trigger unpleasant memories all the way from Mandalay to

Mr. Kirk is a veteran foreign correspondent.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mukden, which reverted to its original name of Shenyang not long after the end of Japanese rule in China.

The Japanese themselves are roiled in seemingly endless debate on the question. There is a bill before the Diet that would authorize the dispatch of Japanese troops, under the aegis of the United Nations, to Cambodia and anywhere else. Almost daily, the Western letters "PKO," for Peace-Keeping Organization, leap out of the headlines of papers otherwise written entirely in Japanese. Regardless of whether the Diet finally digests the bill this session, as chieftains of the ruling Liberal Democratic Party fervently hope, one thing seems sure: someday Japan will send soldiers overseas, on one mission or another, in the face of Article 9 of the "peace" constitution, drafted at the behest of General Douglas MacArthur. The controversy adds a certain sense of importance to the Japanese self-perception. Anti-war Socialists may caterwaul all they want, but any kind of military role, even in a PKO, elevates Japan to a new level in influence—in the eyes of the rest of the world as well as of the Japanese themselves.

"The PKO issue really crystallizes that Japan should play a major role," says Tadashi Yamamoto, founder and president of the Japan Center for International Exchange. Otherwise, he says, "it's sad to say there is no coherent foreign policy in Japan," not even "a foreign-policy debate."

Such opinions are common currency here—along with the view that Japan, for want of a foreign policy of its own, "follows United States policy." With no "evil empire" left to combat, however, the United States may have lost some of the ideological fervor that helped to galvanize its foreign policy. "The Japanese policy was to accommodate the Americans," says Frank Baldwin of the Asia Foundation's office here, "but no more."

Some observers see a paralysis among Japanese leaders when it comes to foreign policy. "The Japanese leadership, both government and parliament, ruling party and opposition, is not functioning," says Kenichi Ito of Aoyama Gakuin University. "Each one of them lacks a strategy, an idea, a philosophy." Garrett Scalera, a longtime consultant here, adds: "They have nothing to say but be nice to everybody and co-prosperity. They can't use that term any more, but that's what it is. Japan doesn't know what it wants."

How can the doyens of such a mighty industrial machine—the one the world loves to bash—be so uncertain? The weakness may have been part of the dream. Japan, the conquered, hardly needed a foreign policy as long as the conqueror guaranteed its comfort in a hostile world. If Washington falls back, though, the Japanese believe they have nowhere to turn but inward, as they have done for centuries.

"There is a certain paranoia among certain circles in Japan," says Yamamoto. "There is a feeling we are rejected." In their rejection, there is also a tendency to overreact. While economic analysts cry poormouth, profits versus the world go up and up. Japan's trade surplus rose to record highs in February—more than $12 billion. Exports were up 12.5 per cent for the month, while imports fell 12.7 per cent. "Our imports from the United States will keep declining," says Tetsuo Tsukimura, senior economist with Smith Barney. "Japan's leaders," he adds, "should have known how bad the economy is and will be" before they made all those promises to President Bush in January.

The further Japan drifts from the United States, the more the Japanese tend to talk about a "leadership" role—superpower status, almost, befitting the nation's economic strength. "We look upon ourselves as an entity depending on the rest of the world," says Yoshihide Soeya, teaching "world policy" at Keio University, one of the most prestigious private institutions here. "What we are not used to is to think of Japan as a leading actor." By now, says Soeya, who holds a doctorate from the University of Michigan, "Japan is becoming more of an architect in an emerging international order"—and is already "at the center of an emerging interdependent system in Asia and the Pacific."

The suggestion of "co-prosperity"—as in World War II—is inevitable. "Everybody remembers what we did in the past," says Soeya. Co-prosperity, he assures me, "has not yet been translated into an actual policy." Maybe not, but the specter of Japanese officials and businessmen politely manipulating lesser nations into "co-operation" for Japan's benefit is a current phenomenon, not a passage from history.

From a Japanese eye view, "co-prosperity" may be all that's left if the dream of American warmth turns into a nightmare of protectionism. Japan's new ambassador to Washington, Takakazu Kuriyama, evokes the fear in an article that he wrote while still vice minister of foreign affairs. "The Bush Administration is making efforts to somehow cope with and overcome this strong upsurge of protectionism," he says, "but it is finding itself increasingly isolated domestically."

Still, the Japanese have so far found no real substitute for the "special relationship" with the United States in terms of trade, profits, just about anything.

Thus Yukio Okamoto, former director of the North American desk of the foreign ministry, has two messages—one for Americans, the other for Japanese. "Don't misunderstand us, we are a civilized and conscientious people," he tells the Americans, annoyed at some of the rough comments directed by Japanese against the U.S. His message to the Japanese, he says, "is much harsher: If we cannot manage our U.S. relationship, we cannot manage our relations with anyone." It's a view most Japanese can appreciate—even as they tighten belts another notch, saving money for the next round of Japan against the world. □

Mess in Miami

MARVIN OLASKY

MIAMI BEACH

THE FOLLOWING lines from *The Great Gatsby* could summarize one aspect of the annual conference of the Council of Foundations: "They smashed up things and creatures and then retreated back into their money or their vast carelessness . . . and let other people clean up the mess they had made."

The Council—a trade association of

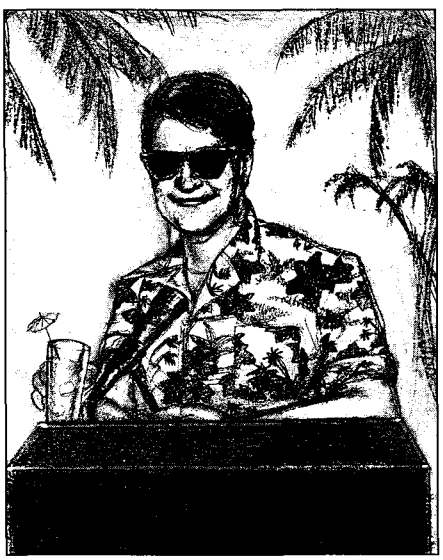
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1,309 foundations and corporate giving programs, which together control some $74 billion in assets and make more than $4 billion worth of grants each year—had decided five years ago to meet this year at the Fontainebleau Hilton in Miami Beach. But in July 1990, Miami Hispanics and Jews refused to roll out the red carpet for Nelson Mandela, friend of Fidel Castro and Yasir Arafat. The Left retaliated by announcing a Boycott Miami campaign, and Council leaders had to decide whether to move the convention or stay and put up with picket lines and a stamp of political incorrectness.

Council leaders found a way to escape both unpleasant alternatives. They met with Miami Beach Mayor Seymour Gelber and told him, in the mayor's words, that they "wanted the city to give an appropriate tribute, an appropriate gesture, to Mr. Mandela." Gelber responded to such arm-twisting by proclaiming April 27, the conference's opening day, Nelson Mandela Day, complete with a florid declaration. (Mandela, it says, is "a leader respected by freedom-loving people everywhere . . . a man of deep faith and democratic convictions.") Mountains of pineapple and tanker-loads of Chablis arrived for the conference without impediment as picket lines were called off.

During the next two days, while Council speakers lambasted "the radical Right" and basked in the tropical sunlight that fell softly on carved rosewood and antique bronze, Miami Beach leaders attacked one another. City commissioners were angry about the surprise move and—according to the *Miami Herald*—"unanimous in saying that they should have been consulted." Commissioner Abe Resnick, a Holocaust survivor and former citizen of Cuba, said that Mandela deserved no honor until "he retracts his support . . . for international terrorists." The Spanish-American League Against Discrimination (SALAD) argued that the Council-prompted action was "offensive to everyone who believes in democracy." Council leaders left town on Wednesday, April 29, with a Miami Beach "medallion of honor" that they will give Mandela later this year, but SALAD that day declared, "Mr. Gelber, we are not going to forget you. . . . You have decided to embark on a war against the Hispanics. You will hear from us."

Let other people clean up the mess. Ted Turner, introduced on Nelson Mandela Day as "the most gifted visionary of our century," told conference attendees that "we have ten million, I don't know, different species, and one species uses up half the resources of the planet." Overpopulation is "the cause of drive-by shootings" and other social ills, but the root of the problem is Christianity, which posits that people are more important than sea otters and elephants. Foundation heads should fund abortion more heavily and support programs such as Turner's *Captain Planet*, which has



Janet Hamlin

Whoopi Goldberg as the voice of "mother god." And what will happen as the next generation has even less respect for God and human life? Let other people clean up the mess.

Three days of conference sessions were filled with speeches about how foundations should help the poor by funding advocates for government-guaranteed jobs and nationalized health insurance. One panel on measuring grant effectiveness included a note of realism: "a lot of the stuff we funded was mush." But for the most part, the conference was an opportunity for like-minded folks to eat, drink, and be merry. One evening featured a program of "feminist comedy." Comic Kate Clinton received applause for jokes (mostly unprintable in this magazine) about Ronald Reagan, John Paul II, George Bush, pro-lifers (who should receive "retro-abortion"), and Republican senators who excitedly quizzed Anita Hill. ("When they asked a question, you could literally see the table rising over their laps.")

The danger of too many people on earth was brought home dramatically one lunchtime as several dozen conference attendees sat on the floor of the Fontainebleau ballroom wearing hats saying "China" or "Africa," and pretended to lack food. But in the evening, delicious ironies abounded: safe behind barricades that kept cars away from four blocks of Lincoln Road, attendees feasted on clams, steak fajitas, chocolate mousse, and other fine dishes offered at feeding stations every few blocks—and only those with conference badges were allowed to eat.

There was the occasional unpleasantness—I saw two black children being turned away—but one retired New York cabbie knew enough to trail the name-badged elite and ask them to fill plates and pass them over: on-the-spot grantmaking! The evening had its artistic delights as well, with the Miami City Ballet, the New York Symphony, the Ballet Español Rosita Segovia, and other groups giving command performances on every block. The South Florida Lambda Chorale and the Miami Arts Asylum also made their presence felt with gay music ("hit me with the hot notes"), performance art, and side-by-side drawings of a black man and a white man, both with enormously elongated penises; the multicultural theme was, "We cast the same color shadow."

Swaying coconut palms cast their shadows on marble columns back at the hotel the next day as Council leaders developed a theology of philanthropic irresponsibility. The key statement was by Wendy Puriefoy of the Public Education Fund Network: "It may be purely by whimsy that we sit in this room. We are able to do the things we do purely by chance." Private foundations thus have no right to exercise stewardship over their funds, and should instead realize that all foundation money "is public money and must meet public guidelines and requirements." Ira Hirschfield, a Council board member, added that many funders who consider themselves ethical learn at the conference that they are not. Happily, the Council has leaders who can "create vision, grab them, motivate them"—and remind them to let other people clean up the mess. □

Mr. Olasky is a professor at the University of Texas–Austin and a Senior Fellow with the Capital Research Center.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"HOME NOW IS THE SAILOR, HOME FROM THE SEA..."

WindFall is the *summa* we have been waiting for. This is what Buckley saw on his watch."

— Daniel Patrick Moynihan

Ronald Reagan

"An eloquent, high-spirited, irresistible voyage into the later passages of life...also a much more personal Bill Buckley than we have ever seen before."

P.J. O'Rourke

"A personal, spiritual, and occupational summation... a glimpse into the soul of a very remarkable man."

D. Keith Mano

"If this book is about sailing, then *The Old Man and the Sea* is about marlin bait."

Louis Auchincloss

"I can think of no more exhilarating reading for the years celebrating Columbus's first voyage than this renavigation in a sailing ketch by that most dedicated and refined of epicureans, Bill Buckley, with his brave and witty crew."

Charlton Heston

"He's run a magazine and for mayor, written novels and commentary, played the harpsichord and Moses to modern conservatism, while keeping a proper perspective between God and country, friends and family....The latest of his wonderfully readable sea sagas...also the best."

Alistair Horne

"I have known Bill for precisely half a century. I recognize him as being capable of giving out more love and friendship than any other man alive...what *WindFall*, basically, is all about."

The climax of William F. Buckley's classic quartet.

WindFall

The End of the Affair

William F. Buckley, Jr.

With photographs by Christopher Little

RANDOM HOUSE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

helo

"You may want to change political parties, we gave you a Republican heart."

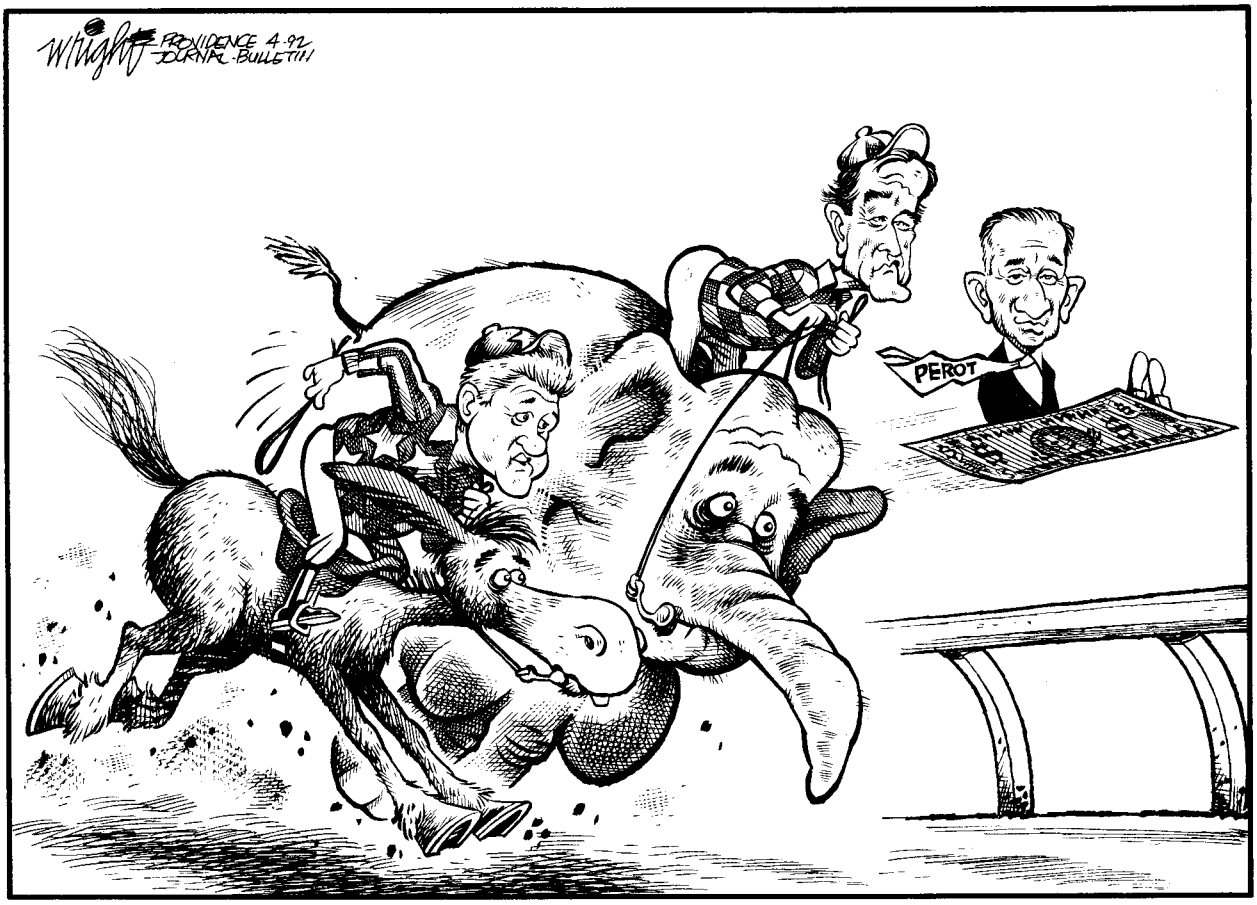
© 1992 Mal Ent., Inc.

The Tent Is Shaking

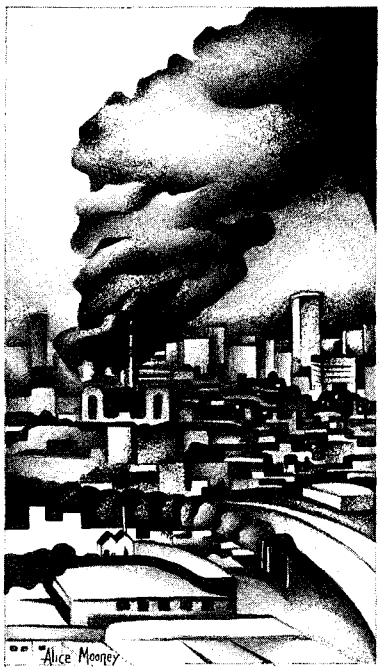
Republicans in country clubs
  And matrons playing bridge,
Accustomed to accepting things
  A maid brings from the fridge,
Contribute to Planned Parenthood
  And worry at the way
The poor and the unfortunate
  Just fornicate away.

W. H. VON DREELE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



After L.A.

CAUSES, ROOT CAUSES, AND CURES

The verdict and the riots, guilt and rage . . . *NR* asked five observers of the American scene to examine the roles of the media, the police, white leaders, black leaders, and ordinary urban citizens.

CHARLES MURRAY

THE RODNEY KING verdict seemed as outrageous to me as it did to most Americans. But if it was outrageous, it was also laden with meaning. It opens a new and explosively dangerous period in American race relations. There is every reason to be pessimistic about the outcome. And what we see in response, by white and black leaders alike, is posturing. So let me open by summarizing my interpretation of events as bluntly as possible.

1. The Rodney King verdict was an expression of white fear about black crime, and this fear is grounded in reality.

2. The white reaction to the riots will be profoundly different from the reaction in the 1960s, because a consensus of whites no longer accepts that whites are to blame for black problems. This shift in opinion is also grounded in reality.

Racism in the United States has metamorphosed since the days of separate drinking fountains for whites and colored. Racism in the 1950s was based on caste relationships and a generalized presumption of white superiority. It was to be combatted by appealing to the best in the American heritage—the belief that to be an American must mean to be free and autonomous, equal under the law. The civil-rights movement seized that moral high ground and succeeded remarkably.

On July 3, 1964, the movement achieved its greatest triumph, the passage of the Civil Rights Act. Thirteen days later, a race riot broke out in Harlem, the first of dozens over the next four years. The reaction in white America was some perplexity, some anger, but mostly contrition. It takes a rereading of the newspapers and magazines of that day to realize how very differently whites saw the world then. Whites accepted that they had abused and oppressed blacks for three centuries, and it was understandable that black rage would come back to haunt them. Whites must do more. This was not the opinion of a few liberal politicians. It was the sentiment of a nation.

And so whites did more. The rest of the 1960s saw an outpouring of social programs and reforms. Some of these were openly directed at racial problems, like the Voting Rights Act of 1965. But more broadly, the smorgasbord of programs called the War on Poverty was driven by a desire to make amends.

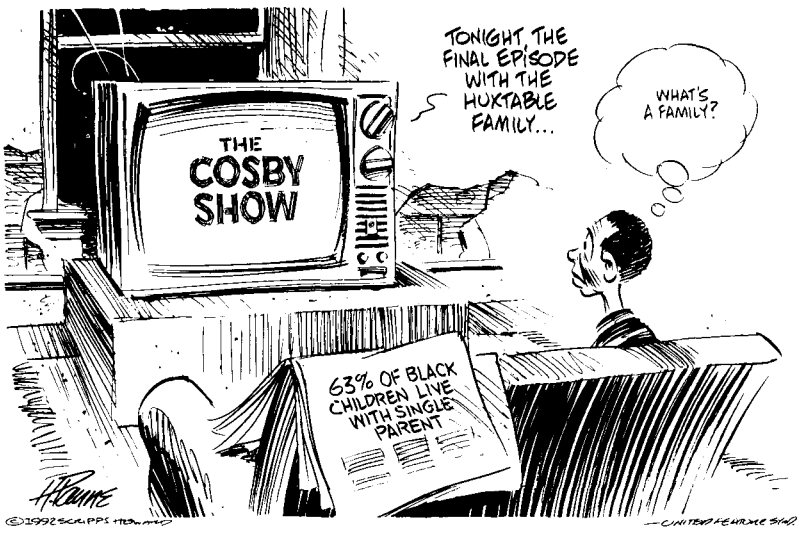
Shifting Reality

IT WAS during that same period that reality began to shift, and with it the meaning of "racism." Two things happened. First, blacks began to behave in ways that scared and angered whites. Some of these ways—inner-city fads and customs and sexual norms—affected whites only at second hand, creating a festering irritation that made whites less sympathetic toward blacks. But the change that quite directly affected whites was skyrocketing black crime, and especially violent crime. Robbery. Assault. Rape. Homicide. White crime climbed too but remained at a much lower absolute level, and much less of it was violent.

These changes were not merely statistical. They made a difference in people's lives. After I was mugged at gunpoint in the vestibule of my fiancée's New York apartment building at five o'clock in the afternoon, she could only shake her head in dismay at my carelessness when she found out. Didn't I realize that a favorite tar-

Mr. Murray is a Bradley Fellow at the American Enterprise Institute. This article originally appeared, in a slightly longer form, in the Sunday Times *(London).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


THE COSBY SHOW
TONIGHT, THE FINAL EPISODE WITH THE HUXTABLE FAMILY...
WHAT'S A FAMILY?
63% OF BLACK CHILDREN LIVE WITH SINGLE PARENT

get was people returning home after work with their arms full of groceries (as mine had been)? Didn't I know that standard operating procedure was to survey the street before going into the vestibule—even at five o'clock in the afternoon? To live in a big city began to take survival skills that had not been necessary just a few years earlier. This change in reality is captured in a new urban parable, The White Woman's Dilemma. A white woman is walking down an urban street after dark. A block away, two black young men are walking toward her. Does she cross to the other side of the street? If she does, the odds are that she is insulting two innocent young men. If she doesn't, she is putting herself at risk—not a huge risk, but a meaningful one. Given all that, is crossing the street a racist act? Women whom I have heard discuss this dilemma, many of whom are otherwise impeccably liberal, cross the street in such a situation. They feel terrible about it. But they do it anyway.

For years, hardly anyone talked about the black crime problem in public, even though it was an absorbing topic at many white social gatherings. Through the 1970s, the standard public rhetoric was that crime really hadn't gotten much worse, it just seemed that way because crime was reported more often. And: How unfair that a poor black stealing a few dollars is thrown in jail while white businessmen steal millions and get a slap on the wrist. And: It is understandable that some blacks lash out against oppression, poverty, and discrimination through crime. It's not their fault.

In the 1980s, the public excuses for black crime died out, and America began to prosecute and incarcerate criminals with renewed enthusiasm. But a curious public hypocrisy continued. Thus articles could be published about the disproportionate numbers of blacks in America's prisons, with not a single letter to the editor pointing out that blacks were disproportionately in jail because they had committed a disproportionate number of crimes. Few were prepared to say in public that the reason people were afraid of crime in the cities was not that America was violent, but that from whatever tangled root causes, too many blacks were behaving violently. But if they wouldn't say it in public, whites thought it, and said it to each other. That blacks themselves are most often the victims of black crime is of theoretical interest to whites, but is not the pressing point.

Not coincidentally, the 1980s also saw a resurgence of sympathy for the police. The generation that in the 1960s called police "pigs" changed its mind. True-to-life cop shows are on prime-time network television almost every night. One of the things that comes across most powerfully in these programs is how capriciously chancy a policeman's life can be, and how the most routine arrest can erupt in violence.

Superimposing these developments on the Rodney King verdict, it is easy to interpret what is happening. However queasy they may be about what they saw on the videotape, large segments of white America sympathize with the implicit message of the King jury: A thin blue line of police is out there on the perimeter, holding back some very scary people. We rely on them, and we will back them up in just about anything they think they need to do to protect us. I doubt if this message is contingent on the offender's being black. If one imagines the same beating of the white counterpart of Rodney King—straggly-haired and prison-tattooed, let's say, and hopped up on drugs—it is easy to imagine a not-guilty verdict coming back much more quickly than this one did.

Just a Fair Chance?

THE SECOND THING that happened to change the nature of racial attitudes among whites was affirmative action. Affirmative action began benignly as an effort to "cast a wider net," as it was said, making sure that blacks got an opportunity to compete for university places and job openings. By the end of the 1960s, affirmative action had become a set of policies whereby blacks were given preference over whites in competition for jobs in universities, law firms, police and fire departments, and most American businesses. Whether the preferences were justified or unjustified is subject to debate, but not that they were preferences. In elite universities, the edge given blacks on admission tests has been in the vicinity of 50 percentiles—that is, a black scoring at the 30th percentile among the applicants to a given college has had about the same chance of admission as a white scoring at the 80th percentile. Racial quotas in the job market are routinely met by what is called "race-norming," whereby the manuals for personnel tests conveniently include conversion tables for adjusting raw scores according to the race of the applicant.

As in the case of crime, public rhetoric refused to accommodate the shift in reality. The only acceptable stance to take during the 1970s was that blacks weren't really getting preferential treatment, just a fair

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

chance—if their test scores were lower, it was because the tests were biased against them. So what looked like preferential treatment was really just fair treatment.

The final defense was that "everyone we take can do the work"—that is, above a certain threshold of qualifications, everyone could perform about the same. But in practice, the difference in ability between the average black and the average white was often too large to ignore. Face-saving strategies were quietly adopted. In universities, black students who would have failed if they had been white were given passing grades, and doctoral dissertations that would have been rejected were accepted. In businesses, blacks with skills that ordinarily would not have passed muster were shunted into slots where their deficiencies would not be so obvious. All of this was sub rosa, not to be discussed publicly, not to be complained about. But everybody knew.

Meanwhile, the 1980s were witnessing the arrival of new waves of Asian immigrants, and another kind of racial discrepancy made its appearance. At the high-school commencement ceremonies, often the valedictorian's speech would be made in halting English by the son or daughter of a Vietnamese farmer who had arrived penniless just a few years earlier. Korean grocery stores became as ubiquitous a feature of the American urban landscape as Irish saloons or Jewish delicatessens had once been. This gave rise to more doublespeak. The rhetoric had always proclaimed that affirmative action was needed to help minorities who were disadvantaged by the white majority. But Asians refused to exhibit the symptoms of disadvantage. The result, *mirabile dictu*, was that Asians somehow were dropped from the ranks of minorities. By the end of the 1980s, they had after all become subject to quotas: ceilings—of the same variety that Jews had had to face early in this century—to avoid having "too many" Asians in freshman classes.

Once again, superimposing these developments on the aftermath of the Rodney King verdict leads naturally to certain expectations. American black leaders are replaying the response to the riots of the 1960s that received so much acceptance then among whites: The rioting and looting are a deplorable but understandable reaction to years of abuse and neglect by the government. But whites watching these scenes are not the whites of the 1960s, and the claims that blacks must receive more assistance will be received with little sympathy. Some of this reaction among whites is mean-spirited and racist in the old sense. But most is not. It is not racism—not racism in the old sense, at any rate—to conclude that blacks have in truth been given a number of advantages for more than twenty years. It is not the old style of racism to conclude that the present problems of the black community owe more to black behavior than to white oppression. And it is above all not the old style of racism to look at the unaided achievements of poor Asian immigrants—and the unaided achievements of poor West Indian immigrants, poor Nigerian immigrants, poor Ethiopian immigrants—and ask, "If they can do it, why can't American blacks?" It is a legitimate question, requiring more than glib answers about the legacy of slavery.

But the question is rarely asked—in public. And that is why I began by saying that the Rodney King verdict opens such a dangerous period in American race relations. Those relations have been spiraling downward for many years now without yet provoking American white leaders to confront the sources of the antagonism. There are a few brave exceptions—Senator Bill Bradley has recently grasped the nettle—but certainly none among this year's crop of presidential aspirants, including George Bush. There remains a powerful reticence among whites to ask tough questions of blacks. It is the most tenacious survivor of the old racism: condescension. It should not have to be up to blacks to break this impasse, but I think that's what it may come to. Only when blacks can say at one and the same time that the King verdict was outrageous and that, nonetheless, it's time for blacks and whites to start telling each other publicly what they say among themselves privately, are we likely to see the opening of a dialogue and a hope for reconciliation. The much more likely outcome is that the pieties will continue, and the antagonism deepen. □

HOW TO HOLD A RIOT

EUGENE H. METHVIN

ON MAY 12 Los Angeles Police Chief Daryl F. Gates, clad in flak jacket and aided by two hundred FBI agents and cops, personally arrested one of three gang members accused of the televised beating of white truckdriver Reginald Denny.

Mr. Methvin is the author of The Riot Makers: The Technology of Social Demolition, *published in 1970.*

Gates was only about three hundred hours late.

Los Angeles was still burying its dead (58 and counting), nursing the 226 critically wounded (including Denny), clearing rubble from 3,700 fires, and trying to help thousands whose jobs were destroyed in the holocaust. As always after such social hurricanes, the debate rages: Why? Whose fault was it? What are the causes—proximate causes and "root causes"? How can

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

we prevent recurrences? The causology of riots is not simple, and like the nine blind Hindus debating the shape of the elephant, people with different vantage points dispute furiously. Most black spokesmen yell "racism." White House Press Secretary Marlin Fitzwater blamed LBJ's "Great Society." I'll nominate as my prime scapegoat Daryl Gates, and will prove it to you anon. But first, some basics.

Riots are analogous to avalanches in the Alps. A gentle breeze, a cracking limb, or a zestful yodel shakes loose a tiny handful of snow. Within minutes a thunderous avalanche may bury an entire town. What follows bears no relation in magnitude to the tiny triggering event. We could argue that the heavy winter snowfalls months before "caused" the avalanche. Or we could trace the cause back to the earth's movement around the sun, or whatever force gave our planet a tilted axis, or even to the Big Bang that launched the universe. (And what came before that?)

But the practical Swiss don't go back that far. They have studied the chain to discover where they can most expediently interrupt the process to minimize damage.

We have such specialists for riots. They are called cops. When family, church, and school fail, they are civilization's last line of defense. But sometimes they do not do their jobs, and we need to understand why.

Look at the chronology in Los Angeles on April 29:

1 P.M.: The court notifies the LAPD that the verdict will be announced in two hours.

3:15 P.M.: The acquittals are broadcast live on TV.

4 P.M.: Hundreds of police are released at the end of the eight-hour day shift.

5:25 P.M.: The first report of trouble: juveniles throwing beer cans at cars, at the intersection of Florence and Normandie. More than a dozen police cruisers, with 25 officers, converge. After twenty minutes of skirmishing with a growing mob, Lieutenant Mike Moulin, the field commander, orders everybody out. As the last two cruisers depart the intersection, sirens blaring, the mob beats a *New York Times* photographer who was left behind. Hispanic and white motorists are dragged from their cars and beaten.

6:46 P.M.: Nearly six hours after the LAPD was alerted, Reginald Denny pulls his 18-wheeler into the intersection. Five rioters surround him, yank him out of the cab, beat him savagely. One throws a brick, hitting him a glancing blow in the head. As he attempts to rise, another runs up from behind and clobbers him in the head with a ball-peen hammer. He falls inert.

A TV helicopter overhead broadcasts the whole scene live to millions. A reporter cries, "Where's the police?" Four Good Samaritans who live nearby, all black, leave their homes, drive to the scene, and rescue Denny, who has suffered critical brain damage. In the 77th Street police station cops mill and watch in horror on portable television sets. "Every single blue suit here wanted to go in and save that guy," Officer Robert Frutos, a six-year-veteran, told the *New York Times*. But their commanders refuse to send them in. The televised scene advertises police inaction and commencement of the moral holiday.

About this time another TV crew broadcasts live a few blacks looting a liquor store. "This drink's on the LAPD," a woman yells at the crew as she walks off with a fifth of Chivas Regal. At a command post a mile away Lieutenant Moulin and as many as two hundred other police officers wait as their superiors give contradictory commands.

8:15 P.M.: At Vermont and Vernon a 42-year-old man emerges from a corner supermarket with milk he has just bought for his two children. Nearby, looters empty a Korean flea market. Gunfire erupts. The father falls, bleeding, and dies in a friend's arms. His last words: "Tell my kids I love them, and tell my wife I said goodbye." Across the street an 18-year-old county-government employee guides two elderly women to a bus stop and tells them to board the first bus "and keep your heads down." A bullet hits him in the forehead, killing him instantly. These were apparently the first two deaths, 7 hours and 15 minutes after the LAPD was notified of the verdicts. Both victims were black.

Three of the cops who were pulled from the riot flashpoint talked anonymously to *Washington Post* reporter Lou Cannon and a colleague. One said: "We thought we were beating a tactical retreat and would return in force. We didn't know we were abandoning the community." Sergeant John Gambill, a motorcycle officer with long experience in the neighborhood, said: "We could have crushed it with a show of force." One cop wept as he told the *Post* what happened: "We weren't allowed to do our job. It's demoralizing to cops to be depicted as cowards, when our leaders wouldn't send us in."

In the 1965 Watts rioting, in which 34 died, the LAPD cordoned off the riot zone and left it to the burners and looters. "That decision may well have been the major cause of the Watts riot," District Attorney Evelle Younger declared in 1969. "Looking back now, all law enforcement in our community is in general agreement that it was a mistake not to apply massive but restrained force . . . immediately." Ironically, the civilian Police Commission probing the new disaster has uncovered a memo that Daryl Gates, an inspector at the time, wrote in 1965 indicating that he and another inspector made the fatal pullout decision.

Reporters dissecting the police inaction this time have found that Chief Gates assured the mayor and others he was ready for any eventuality. But the police high command seems to have made no special preparation at all.

Faces in the Crowd

I ATTENDED my first riot exactly forty years ago this spring, a "panty raid" at the University of Georgia. As a fledgling journalist and campus newspaper photographer, I was in the middle. Since then I have ventured into or done inquests on scores of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

riots from Tokyo to Washington, and written a fat book on the topic.

In that first riot I saw the first of three faces in the crowd that tell the whole story.

Face #1. As the student mob milled about the quadrangle of girls' dorms, I sneaked off into the bushes to load more film for my vintage 4 × 5 press camera. Hidden in the shadows of my makeshift darkroom, I saw a student come around the corner, look furtively about, and hurl a rock at a window. To me, his act was an inconceivable conundrum. What was it deep in his soul that impelled a privileged young WASP collegian to do such a thing?

Face #2. In Newark's 1967 riot, a psychologist saw a 12-year-old boy watching looters with shopping carts empty a store. The boy stood, shifting uneasily. The man put a hand on his shoulder: "What's the matter, son?"

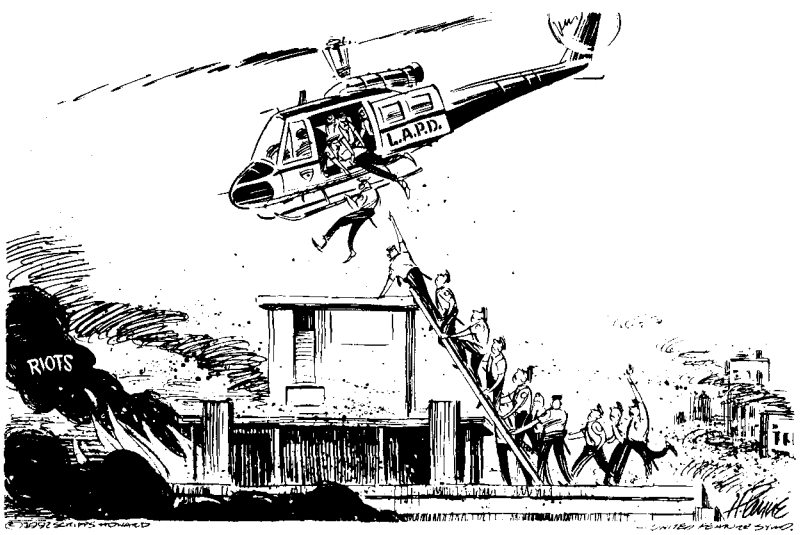
"It's crazy. I don't see no sense in it!" the boy exploded.

The psychologist threw out a shrewd guess, naming a parochial school with strict moral training. "Do you go to St. —?"

Wide-eyed, the boy replied, "Yes, sir. How did you know?"

Face #3. As the smoke still choked Los Angeles, a black teacher screamed at *Washington Post* reporter Donna Britt over suggestions that the schools had somehow failed. "Teachers can't fix these kids all by themselves!" the teacher, Larrie Pennington, declared.

She's right. For whatever reasons, American families have delivered vast numbers of children teachers cannot fix to our streets. Consider what you would face if you were the police chief in charge of the Rose Bowl on New Year's Day with an ordinary crowd of 100,000 Americans of all ages. If we project onto that crowd the 1990 U.S. arrest rates, we will find 5,806 people who will be arrested within the year for felonies, 1,203 for serious crimes, 290 of them for violent crimes. We will have 10 murderers, 8 arsonists, 16 rapists, 70 robbers, 176 burglars, and 195 who will commit aggravated assault. Experts tell us one to two thousand will be pure psychopathic personalities, with little empathy for anybody and little control over their violent impulses. With such a population, we would do well to take precautions!



South-Central Los Angeles presents more volatility than the average Pasadena Tournament of Roses. The L.A. County Sheriff's Department had 100,500 names entered in its computer file on gangs late last year. And 775 of the year's more than 1,900 homicides were gang-related, the preponderance of them in the riot zone.

About 15 per cent of youngsters seem congenitally resistant to "aversive learning." That is the psychologists' $3 word for learning the "thou shalt nots" on which all civilization rests. Mothers of criminal psychopaths, the most extreme form of anti-social personalities, uniformly make some variant of the retrospective observation, "I could not seem to teach him the meaning of the word 'no.'"

Clearly, civilization's first lines of defense against savagery—family, church, and school—had failed with the WASP collegian in 1952, and succeeded with the black youngster in Newark in 1967. He had internal controls that prevented him from joining the carnival of looting. Society's interest must be in supporting those families, schools, and churches that still try to inculcate these controls. But when these break down, the police must step in.

Rules for Riots

POLICE SHOULD be well drilled in a wide array of riot-control techniques. A handful of professionals can suppress large mobs. Even untrained cops under good leaders can give a good account, saving lives and preventing much destruction. But cops and the public must accept the rule: "When the looting starts, the shooting starts." It can be done with restraint and precision, but it clears the carnival-goers and lets SWAT teams deal with the hard-core fire-setters and terrorists. Consider two cases:

Newark, 1967. This riot began with two hundred demonstrators bombarding a police station with rocks and bottles. Police who tried to disperse them retreated inside, bloodied, where a second-in-command did not know what to do. The mayor, fearful of "provoking" his city's volatile blacks, had forbidden riot training in anticipation of a "long hot summer."

Precinct commander Captain Charles Zizza, rushing home from an Atlantic City vacation, turned onto the main shopping street two hours after the trouble began. He saw "masses of people, must've been ten thousand over ten blocks, smashing windows, looting, singing, shouting, setting fires." And not a policeman in sight.

At his police station, Zizza found chaos. He yelled: "What the f--- are all these cops doing in *here*? Why aren't they out on the street?" It took nearly an hour, but Zizza got his men

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

organized. Some, anticipating trouble, had stored personal shotguns in their lockers. A man with the military habit of command, Zizza ordered out every available shotgun, took a dozen officers to the main street, and marched them in a picket line, driving looters before them without firing a shot. By midnight he had cleared a good part of the avenue, made several arrests, and begun receiving sniper fire from rooftops. Looters simply shifted to other sections. But the police were mobilizing and fighting.

Newark's killing and burning never reached the scale of Watts in 1965. Newark counted 23 dead. Nine days later Detroit tried the pullback strategy and 43 died. As in Watts 1965 and L.A. 1992, most were black bystanders, wholly innocent, or looters caught up and burned in the fires after police inaction advertised the carnival.

Panama, 1964. Two thousand rioters, whipped by Castro-trained agitators, stormed toward American homes in the Canal Zone. A police sergeant and eight men, following their training in riot drills, fired their service revolvers in unison, by command, into the pavement in front of the rioters. Such fire normally ricochets low, into the legs of the crowd, but may hit higher. The crowd backed off; one rioter was killed. A mile away another horde 1,500 strong stormed the Zone. Police fired two volleys over their heads. At each volley the crowd fell back, without apparent casualties. On the third round, when the sergeant gave the standard preparatory command, "Ready on the firing line," the crowd broke and ran. Meanwhile, new supplies of tear gas arrived and police were able to hold until troops relieved them.

Napoleon cowed Paris mobs with "a whiff of grapeshot." A historian later said, "If the commander of the Bastille had not been an imbecile, the Revolution never would have happened."

Americans have a right to expect their police and mayors to read history. Then the debate over "root causes" can proceed, and we can listen to our Robespierres in peace. □

GUILT AND GASOLINE

LORRIN ANDERSON

ANNA QUINDLEN helped us sort it out, in the *New York Times*, inviting us in for another flagellation party: "Let's be honest, white folks," the jurors "walked into that room with a baggage most of us carry, the baggage of stereotypes and ignorance and pure estrangement from African-Americans." (When Anna Quindlen says "us" she means "you.") Anthony Lewis picks up the whip: "Black professors are taken in as suspects because of the color of their skin." (Professors "taken in"? For no reason? Name a few, Tony?) And the word comes down from the *Times* itself, trenchant, judicious: "Injustice is one thing; what's worse is a systematic lack of justice, of protection. America consigns great numbers of young black men to lawless lives . . ."

America consigns. As the *Times* sees it, that is, young black men are somewhat less human than the rest of us—no moral capacity of their own, no ability to choose or reject criminal behavior. "Consigned" by an implacable society, those young black men, to deal drugs, rip chains, mug old ladies, torch buildings, loot, assail stray white truckdrivers.

Young men tempted to criminality may not spend a lot of time reading editorials in the *New York Times*. They don't have to. The melody is ubiquitous, strummed constantly by the black establishment, white guilt-peddlers, and—most potently of all—by television. The medium has become the message in ways McLuhan never imagined.

Not that there wasn't reasoned comment and straightforward reporting. Ted Koppel, notably, did a consistently even-handed job on *Nightline*, going so far as to let a juror talk about her rationale without dismissing her summarily as a racist cop-lover. A spokesman for the L.A. police union got his say. The *Today* show devoted half an hour to a dissection of the King beating tape, letting a defense attorney make the case for the cops and the jury. Reporters in the field, and some of the anchors, often simply told us what was happening, without adding their own sociological interpretation of why it was happening.

The panels were sometimes intelligent and occasionally even balanced. But the choice of participants tended to run from the center leftward to lunacy. One of the most original analyses came from a Los Angeles gang veteran named Fred Williams (identified as a "community activist"), who said on *Today* that the Crips and the Bloods, despairing of any help from George Bush, "took it on themselves to burn down their buildings and rebuild them themselves." Nobody blinked an eye. On *Donahue*, the only real debate, on one all-black panel, was over a former Black Panther's suggestion that it would be immoral to accept tax money to rebuild Los Angeles, federal dollars being tainted by racism and capitalism. (Nobody seemed to disagree about the taint, but there was a clear consensus in favor of taking the money.) Pat Buchanan played the *Today* show—as a clay pigeon to be shot down.

Mr. Anderson is a former producer and editor with WNBC-TV News in New York.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"OKAY, KEMP- THE PRESIDENT WILL SEE YOU NOW..."

(Bryant Gumbel, after the openly hostile interview by Katie Couric: "You just heard Pat Buchanan spouting the views of the far Right. I don't want to give it any more time than it's worth.") And one theme dominated as fury turned to riot—Understand the Rage.

A touch of revisionism was hardly avoidable as the pictures of arson, anarchy, and murder kept coming in. The carnival atmosphere of the looting. The appalling tapes of the battered white truckdrivers. Even Sam Donaldson, though still decrying American racism, pressed Representative Maxine Waters rather sternly to condemn the violence perpetrated by her constituents. But Bryant Gumbel kept things in perspective on *Today*, noting that the unprovoked, clearly racist assault on the truckdrivers was "reminiscent of what happened to Rodney King." And Gumbel, like many other observers, most of them white, provided us with loving recreations of past racial injustice to orchestrate the leitmotif: Nothing has changed.

Katie Couric: "Nice to be able to provide a forum, isn't it?"

Bryant Gumbel: "Yeah. Nice to put it back on the front burner again."

Bryant Gumbel? How many Americans, black or white, have his lucrative pulpit for preaching to millions of people every morning? It's 1992: Black mayors, black members of Congress, black police chiefs. Open racial gerrymandering, Oprah, Arsenio, Michael Jackson. Black academics, prestigious prizes for black writers and playwrights. The black middle class. The faces on TV. Blacks in ads for everything from toothpaste to telephones, with uplifting visual messages (white mom calls talented black teacher to thank her for academic rescue of daughter). Black anchors, black reporters, black analysts like NBC's legal correspondent, the former Brooklyn prosecutor Star Jones. And what a sly move by Fate to produce rioting by the racially consigned on the very day Bill Cosby was presenting the triumphant finale of the most popular series in television history. An America with a beleaguered urban underclass? No question. An America that deliberately and systematically excludes blacks, *as blacks*? It's a lie, and an incendiary one.

But as the riots faded, the old revelation came rushing back to the fore: The root is racism, and its bedfellow, discriminatory economics. Reagan's fault, Bush's fault, Willie Horton. We got reminders of the numbers of blacks in jail—but only to demonstrate the bias of the criminal-justice system. That more blacks are in jail because blacks commit more crimes *was* tacitly acknowledged, on ABC in New York, by anchor Roz Abrams, who thoughtfully asked the city's black police commissioner, Lee Brown, if, racist oppression notwithstanding, there was "any responsibility on the part of blacks to reduce the amount of crime they commit." (I think Brown's answer was a qualified yes, but I can't say for sure because I was immediately caught up in my own reverie, pondering the ethical conundrum.)

By the time Bush got to Los Angeles, NBC's Jim Miklaszewski—a field reporter—was telling us flatly that "the root cause" is "poverty." And Bush himself, no doubt feeling the heat from the Democrats and the media, was root-causing it up with everybody else.

Rage and hopelessness. Jobs, jobs, jobs—if they had jobs they wouldn't riot. Joining a conclave of like-minded economic determinists on PBS's *Washington Week in Review*, *Times* reporter Gwen Ifill noted that the riots had cost forty thousand jobs, apparently not noticing—none of her co-panelists did either—that the number, if correct, somewhat undercut the picture of pre-riot South-Central as an unrelieved economic desert. And a tantalizing nugget of information was buried deep inside the *Times* on May 6: the unemployment rate in the core of L.A.'s South-Central area, in 1990, was 7.1 per cent—nothing to cheer about, certainly, but well below the rate in places like, say, West Virginia, where hurricanes hardly happen.

Later, but Not Cooler, Thoughts

ON TUESDAY, with Los Angeles calming down, the *Times* trotted out a straw man to knock down: "The Contagion Complaint"—the putative accusation that with its fast live coverage of the eruption the news media spread the violence. Who heard anybody say that, this time around? What is more likely to have fed the flames is the pervasive rush to put all the weight of the media behind the view of the jury's decision as unarguable travesty. It wasn't easy to remember, over the chorus of "It could happen to you, if you're black," that however unjustified the beating, however wrong-headed the verdict, Rodney King had just led the cops on a long and dangerous high-speed chase; unlike his two black companions, who weren't harmed, he had resisted arrest, and he was big and drunk. (Bryant Gumbel: "They probably perceived it that way because he was black.")

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The verdict that shocked the nation!" It's Tom Brokaw, urging us to tune in for the evening news. "Disbelief!"—a local CBS anchor in New York. "Astonishment!" "Fury!" And that was just the objective news people. The sound bites were even better.

Not so remarkable, actually, coming as it did after a year-long run of America's Favorite Home Video. *The Passion of Rodney King.* It wasn't so much that we all saw the tape ad nauseam, or even that the episode was usually shorn of any possible ambiguity. The inflammatory, cumulative component was more in the way it was usually surrounded, on television, by a barely disguised, lip-smacking *Schadenfreude*: The cops caught—*at last!* That's the way it is, folks, here in Amerika.

The Cops and the Media

ANECDOTALLY, I can testify from personal experience about the attitudes toward the police that pervade television. Working at NBC's local news operation in New York, I was troubled—as some of my colleagues were—by 1984 election coverage that looked as though it had been choreographed by the Democratic National Committee. I proposed a series on media bias. The news director at the time was Jerry Nachman, an open-minded realist who likes what he's fond of calling "counter-intuitive" reporting, and he gave the go-ahead. A couple of notorious police-brutality cases were still smoldering in New York (Eleanor Bumpurs, Michael Stewart), fanned by the press and even more so by television, and one of our bias segments was a look at the way the police feel about their television image, its effect on performance and morale. It was fairly sympathetic—I confess. But I was surprised—shocked, actually—by the depth of anti-cop prejudice that surfaced when the show producer and the executive editor came to the editing room to look at the cut story. The reporter for the series, anchorman Chuck Scarborough, is by no means an uncritical cop-booster, and he had been tough on the cops in the interviews we used. But the piece almost didn't make air. My superiors finally agreed, very reluctantly, to a shortened version—but only after Scarborough wrote a long, superfluous introduction underlining our pained reservations about the police. That was seven years ago, but what I've seen on television since provides no reason to think the attitudes have changed.

As a field producer at NBC in the Seventies and Eighties, I saw at least the surface of the social disaster at first hand, doing stories about housing abandonment, welfare, black-on-black crime, the attempt to promote "racial balance" in the declining schools. (In all the acrimonious current debate about social programs, incidentally, I never heard anybody mention the disastrous impact of busing and related strategies on urban school systems—and neighborhoods—across the country.) At one point, I proposed an over-all look at the festering troubles in the ghetto, and wrote up a two-page memo outlining how we might approach a series. The show producer wasn't notably enthusiastic, but suggested that I talk to a veteran, well-regarded black reporter, with whom, as it happened, I had always had a relationship of friendliness and mutual respect. So I did. The reporter read the memo, told me my analysis was "right on the mark," and added something I don't think I had thought, at least in such stark terms: "Black people have lost control of their children." Would he like to work with me on a series? He might like to, he said, but he couldn't—he was a respected voice in the black community, with a bit of influence for good, and it would undermine his credibility. I couldn't argue—it was his public image, and I didn't doubt that he was right.

I also remember with some vividness a conversation with another field producer as he returned from talking to demoralized mothers at one of those hellish welfare hotels. The story was about the city's failure to provide better lodging, but he mentioned in passing that in fact a lot of the women were turning down available apartments because they wanted something more commodious, or hoped to get into the projects. "Are you going to say that on the air?" I wondered—it was certainly pertinent. "Nah," he said, "that's not what they want."

I seriously doubt that "they" had told him to distort this particular piece in the interest of right-thinking bathos. But the message does get across; it permeates the atmosphere. Writers and reporters soon discover, in subtle and not-so-subtle ways, what goes and what doesn't. Television journalists today probably think they're helping cool things when they bend over backward to acknowledge black "hopelessness"; what they're actually doing, I think, is making it more difficult to grapple with the crisis, by fostering paranoia and polarization, by glossing over the mounting evidence that the ills of the ghetto stem more from cultural attitudes and behavior than from economics and racism. (The subsidization of illegitimacy, for instance, has become not only financial but moral—watch the celebration of unwed motherhood on *Murphy Brown*, with approving guest appearances by Katie Couric, Joan Lunden, Mary Alice Williams, et al.)

Paranoia does very nicely on its own. What we could use, now that television has become our state church, is reinforcement of the moral strengths within the black community, without excuses or pious equivocation. The idea that poor blacks are nothing more than victims, deprived of any control over their own moral behavior—the blue-eyed devil made me do it—is a destructive racial insult whose first casualties are blacks themselves, as many blacks know and some are brave enough to say publicly.

Poignant, in a week of heart-breaking ironies, that one of the sanest voices belonged to—Rodney G. King. He mentioned the verdict, he didn't dwell on it; what we saw was unassuming humanity. Choking up as he pictured "the security guard shot on the ground." Asking, "Can we stop making it horrible for the older people and the kids?"

"It's just not right," he said. "It's not right. It's not—it's not going to change anything." □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RESTORING COMMUNITY

ALAN KEYES

IN THE aftermath of the Los Angeles riots Americans are looking for answers to the problems that plague our urban neighborhoods. Democratic liberals are using this as an excuse to revive their nearly moribund agenda of government-dominated approaches to social change. Republican conservatives, on the other hand, see an opportunity to nail shut the coffin of New Deal/Great Society welfare socialism. Despite this apparent antagonism, both parties believe that the key to solving the urban crisis is economic development. They both focus on providing more jobs, better incomes, and property ownership to individuals in the urban neighborhoods. Jack Kemp and Ben Hooks may disagree about the means, but they agree about the goals.

Yet this understanding of the urban crisis fails to address the main issue raised by the L.A. riots and the verdict that set them off. That issue is fear. Fear turned the accused policemen from professionals into thugs. It prejudiced the judgment of the jurors. It brought L.A.'s neighborhoods to the brink of open war. Though the police and the National Guard have temporarily pushed them back from the brink, though the threat of open warfare retreats for now, the reality of war remains. For wherever human beings lack the ability to live without fear, there is war.

Though we Americans naturally take comfort in thinking otherwise, most wars arise from hatred, not from poverty. People can live side by side for generations without war and violence, if they feel secure in their identities. But when some feel their identity threatened by the actions or beliefs of others, the fear that results engenders hatred, which leads to war. This is one reason why religious, ethnic, and racial differences have caused most wars, even when on the surface the causes appeared to be economic. This is why most wars persist long past the point where their cost in lives and property surpasses any economic gain either side could hope to obtain from them.

The L.A. riots themselves illustrate this point. For several days citizens in the afflicted neighborhoods looted, trashed, and burned the businesses that provide jobs for their community. It's too easy to assume that the rioters acted irrationally, destroying the businesses that symbolized what they wanted most. It makes more sense to assume that what the rioters destroyed, and what they rioted about, symbolized what they hated most—outside influences, outside powers, and the fact that outsiders dominate every aspect of their lives.

Because they have power over nothing, nothing in their environment reflects their own image. Because they see themselves in nothing, it is not long before they see nothing in themselves. And it is not long again until this emptiness itself becomes their identity. The self becomes an anti-self, a moral vacuum that sucks all meaning from the things and people around it.

The Urban Anti-Self

THE FACT that many urban neighborhoods have fallen under the sway of the anti-self does not mean that all the people who live in them have given up the struggle. On the contrary, many have not. They work, they have families, they try to raise children. But they are the unarmed inhabitants of a war zone, caught in the crossfire between the criminal forces of the anti-self and the outside forces represented by the police. Individually these people are still strongly motivated to take responsibility for themselves. But almost nothing in their environment permits them to extend this sense of responsibility to the community in which they live. As individuals they resist the anti-self. As a community they do not exist.

This fact has a decisive effect on the attitudes of the police. Since the decent people in the neighborhood do not function as a community, the police cannot clearly see themselves as acting in their behalf. Their real allegiance belongs to the outside world, represented by the bureaucracy that structures their work and has the power to punish or reward them for it. For the police, the neighborhood is chiefly defined by the forces of the anti-self. These forces also have the power to punish and reward. The police must be on guard against the danger they represent in either case—the threat of physical harm as well as the temptations of corruption. Within the neighborhood, therefore, the policemen's role is defined by the evil they fight against, not the good they defend.

The situation of the police is not unique. It simply illustrates the position of all the outside agencies operating within the neighborhood, from the welfare office to the hospital emergency room, from the unemployment line to the business enterprise. Each has reason to respect the negative elements that define or threaten their function more than they respect the neighborhood's decent inhabitants.

The fundamental issue posed by the L.A. riots, therefore, is how do we restore to decent people in our urban neighborhoods the power to establish and maintain their community's moral identity. Neither the Democrats' warmed-over socialism nor the Republicans' ideas of economic empowerment address this issue. The Democrats see the need for community action, but their obsession with national solutions keeps them from pro-

Mr. Keyes, a syndicated columnist, is running for the U.S. Senate from Maryland.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

moting the development of power at the appropriate, grassroots level. The Republicans see the need for empowerment, but their preoccupation with individual economic solutions keeps them from promoting the development of community-based institutions. Neither has rediscovered the concept that alone provides for an effective combination of individual private enterprise and public action—the concept of grassroots community self-government.

This concept is a rediscovery in two senses. It was the basis for the Great Society's original concept of community action. It was also the basis for much of America's success in maintaining a democratically governed republic during the nineteenth century. Alexis de Tocqueville writes insightfully about local self-government as the foundation of American democracy. Local government is the classroom and laboratory of democratic freedom. Only by participating in the decisions that shape their community do people experience first hand the meaning of democratic power and the sense of responsibility it should entail. The feelings of security, trust, and fulfillment they develop concretely at the local level become the foundation for their allegiance and patriotism toward the national community, which remains largely an abstraction. How they feel about the nation depends to a large degree on how they feel about their neighborhood. If they play no role at all in governing their neighborhood, democracy is not just an abstraction, it's a cruel deception.

In the local governments that Tocqueville describes, and which persisted well into the twentieth century, people elected representatives to make local laws, enforce them, and pass judgment upon those who violated them. Thanks to the leadership of these representatives, the inhabitants of the neighborhood could join together in support of projects necessary for the community's welfare—building schools, developing and maintaining roads, and the like. Individuals didn't shrink from taking the initiative, because they knew where to turn to get others to join them. The inhabitants also felt that they could influence what happened in their community because they had direct access to their representatives, and could work to remove them if they failed to perform satisfactorily.

Local initiative extended even to physical defense against criminal elements, since each citizen might be armed and could participate in the militia (or later the posse comitatus), which was the neighborhood's citizen police force. Through the jury system, every citizen had the right to participate in the administration of justice. Each could aspire as well to be a neighborhood magistrate, or justice of the peace. In a concrete sense, each and every citizen owned a share in the community and its institutions, through which they were incorporated into an organic political whole.

When the Great Society program first began, its progenitors included something of this concept of local self-government. The early Community Action Agencies worked with councils elected by the inhabitants of the neighborhoods. But when these experiments in democratic self-government threatened existing political arrangements, the Great Society programs were shifted away from community-based administration, into the bureaucratic model that has since been the norm. Efforts at community self-government collapsed, leaving the neighborhoods without even the semblance of community representation.

This meant that the liberal welfare state adopted, in effect, the oppressive bureaucratic model which Soviet Communism carried to the extreme. Bureaucracies are inherently anti-democratic. Bureaucrats derive their power from their position in the structure, not from their relations with the people they are supposed to serve. The people are not the masters of the bureaucracy, but its clients. They receive services, but only insofar as they conform to its authority. The bureaucracy is like a computer. It responds only to those who address it in the proper form. In this sense a bureaucratic government program has a double meaning. The program serves its clients, but it also programs them.

Thanks to its reliance on bureaucratic government, the liberal welfare state pushes its clients toward the realm of the anti-self. But those with deep enough roots outside the bureaucratic culture may have the character to resist this tendency. In the 1980s a few such individuals spearheaded the tenant-management movement in some public-housing projects. For the first time since the early days of the Great Society, a government-backed effort resulted in the establishment of grassroots institutions of self-government. The positive results have been striking. Yet even the Republicans who championed tenant management seem to have missed its real significance. Community empowerment creates the conditions for individual empowerment through economic opportunity. By giving decent people in the community a corporate, institutional identity (in this case, in the form of tenant-management councils) tenant management restored their ability to define a communal identity that could resist the forces of the anti-self.

Real Empowerment

THE tenant-management model is, however, only a hint in the right direction. The fully developed project of neighborhood self-government takes the model out of the public-housing projects into neighborhoods where bureaucratic reprogramming is less explicit. It begins with a definition of the neighborhood, and includes a description of the institutions through which to empower its decent inhabitants.

A neighborhood is an area defined so that a representative body chosen by the people of the area includes only individuals who live in and with the same conditions as the people who selected them. Geographically the area may be large or small, densely or sparsely populated. In practice, though, the people who live in the neighborhood have the best understanding of its defining boundaries.

Each neighborhood should elect a neighborhood council or governing body, which would be empowered to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pass ordinances concerning the peace, order, and welfare of the neighborhood. This body would have the power to levy a small tax on the gross revenues of persons doing business in the neighborhood, and to appoint necessary administrative and clerical staff.

Each neighborhood should elect a sheriff or constable charged with recruiting and organizing a neighborhood watch or constabulary. The sheriff and those he appoints should receive a course of training at the police academy of the city, county, or state in which the neighborhood is located. His salary, and that of his deputies, should be paid out of funds raised by the neighborhood council, to whom he should answer for all raises, citations, or other forms of recognition. In addition to his deputies the sheriff would be responsible for organizing an auxiliary force of neighborhood residents to act as a militia, or posse comitatus, that would aid him and his deputies in the performance of their neighborhood

Selling Dependency

TO SAY that the racism of the Rodney King verdict sparked the riots is unquestionable. But for Jesse Jackson, Maxine Waters, and Benjamin Hooks to scold white America is to do that which black leaders seem most qualified to do: ignore the responsibility of the black community in solving its own problems.

Jesse Jackson was trying to be in two places at the same time. First, he rushed to a meeting at the White House to demand that the Justice Department take over the case against the police officers. Soon thereafter, he hopped on a plane for L.A. to assure the people there that "the leadership" was on the case.

The only problem with Reverend Jackson's two-pronged reaction is that it was not any different from what he, and other black leaders, had been saying for the past thirty years. "After all that posturing and speechmaking, what did Jesse actually do? What programs is he supporting? What proposals is he throwing on the table?" asked Robert Woodson Sr., president of the National Center for Neighborhood Enterprise.

The best answer may have come from an unemployed black real-estate broker in Los Angeles who watched the flames burn in his neighborhood. "George Bush doesn't speak to the problems we have," he was quoted as saying, "but then I haven't heard anyone who does."

The reason that young man has not heard anyone speak to those problems is largely that in the black community one sole viewpoint is encouraged, one that was born in the civil-rights movement of the Sixties.

Blacks have been more than inventive in coming up with labels for those who stray from the party line. Uncle Tom, Oreo, Judas, and wannabe are just a few of the names for a black person who fails to march in lockstep with the black leadership. The civil war over the Clarence Thomas nomination was a painful reminder of how brutal the black community can be to someone who dares to think independently.

The battle is reminiscent of a point made by the black conservative Shelby Steele. In his book, *The Content of Our Character*, Steele asserted that black people's inferiority complex, and not white racism, is the real key to the problems of the black community. A good example is a black publisher of a small community paper in Washington, D.C. This person, formerly a regional head of the Congress of Racial Equality (CORE), explains his concept of an "indigenous black population." His definition excludes anyone in the black middle class. "Real blacks" include only those who live in poverty or in ghettos.

Woodson says, "The NAACP, the Urban League, they're all the same. . . . These people have been pushing programs and solutions that are in essence dependency-producing programs. . . . The reality is that those civil-rights organizations have a vested interest in these programs now. They survive off them. They and their friends largely run the organizations that receive the federal funds to distribute and administer the aid and implement the programs. Their friends run the programs."

The country has spent trillions of dollars on social programs. Yet today, black teenagers are more likely to be into drugs, either selling or using them, than they were thirty years ago; one out of three black men between the ages of 15 and 25 is likely to be, or have been, in jail; the infant-mortality rate among blacks is comparable to that of a Third World country; and a young black man runs a greater risk of being killed by another black man than a soldier did of being killed by the Vietcong during the Vietnam War.

Clearly, money is not enough. Government programs are not enough. They have helped, no doubt, but as the fires that lit the L.A. sky confirm, something is missing.

That something is a black leadership that prescribes responsibility rather than scapegoating. The black community has always been taught dependency, first by slave-masters, then by laws that provided freedom at the whim and will of the white community. We have now progressed to the paradoxical point where that dependency is being fostered by the community's own leaders.

When Benjamin Hooks publicly defends the transgressions of former D.C. Mayor Marion Barry as part of the white conspiracy to "get" black leaders, when black church leaders defend Mike Tyson as a victim of white racism, when Representative Charles Rangel defends Gus Savage by remarking that allegations of improper behavior are white racism, aren't those leaders pouring the gasoline in anticipation of the match?

Breaking the bonds of dependency may not be easy, but it is not impossible. The first step may well be shoving aside the suppliers of our dependency.

—ERNEST HARRIS

Mr. Harris is an editorial writer who has written in New York Newsday, *the* Philadelphia Inquirer, *the* Dallas Morning News, *and the* Austin American-Statesman, *among other publications.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

watch. The constabulary would rely upon the professional police force of the city, county, or state for aid, and would be subject to the jurisdiction of these police forces when dealing with violations of city, county, or state law, or the apprehension of fugitives from other jurisdictions.

Each community should elect one or more justices of the peace or magistrates to adjudicate violations of community ordinances. These magistrates should be empowered to impose sentences including fines, confiscations, and periods of neighborhood service.

In addition to these basic institutions, the federal and state governments should work with the neighborhood councils to transfer the administration of social-welfare programs into the hands of persons chosen by and answering to the councils. The councils would receive the federal or state funds to administer the programs, and would be subject to guidelines and oversight from the federal or state governments. However, they should be given reasonable autonomy in applying these guidelines to suit neighborhood circumstances.

In addition to handling relations with other neighborhoods and other levels of government, the councils should be empowered to maintain relations with the business sector. To support this role the councils should be given jurisdiction over the application of certain zoning and other ordinances within the neighborhood, subject to review by appropriate city, county, or state bodies.

Starting Point

FROM THIS bare sketch of its basic institutions and functions we cannot begin to understand the importance of neighborhood self-government. That requires a more detailed consideration of its impact upon the various elements of the community's life. Its most dramatic effect should of course be on the actual and potential leadership elements of the community. At last they will have a visible, community-based platform of authority. As things stand today, even where such leadership elements are active, their work is almost invisible and largely bereft of formal legitimacy. Their presumed right to speak for the community results from the sufferance of the outside institutions they deal with, not the suffrage of those they represent. This makes them suspect, even though they belong to the community and often have its vital interests at heart. Lacking formal legitimacy, they must frequently re-establish their authority in other ways. In order to prove that they have not been co-opted by outside forces, they may take strident public stands against them. At the same time, in order to get support for community projects, they must approach these same outsiders as supplicants.

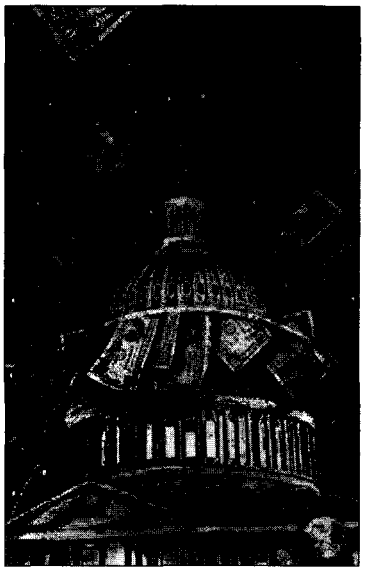
Neighborhood self-government would help to resolve this dilemma. As elected representatives of the neighborhood, leaders would not be under constant pressure to prove their legitimacy. Working from a base that includes independent resources, they would be able to undertake at least some community action without begging outsiders for support.

As it stands, the only visible authorities the young see on the streets are the criminals and the police. The decent folk caught in the crossfire appear helpless and contemptible. In general the institution of neighborhood self-government should provide an opportunity for decent older people to appeal for the allegiance and respect of younger residents. It should provide a venue for cooperation across generational lines, with some semblance of pride restored to the older generation. By restoring a judicial authority to the neighborhood level, community self-government arms this pride with something more than appearances. The institution of neighborhood magistrates should especially benefit younger offenders. The existing judicial and penal systems have, in effect, become training camps for the forces of the anti-self. The ability to survive this training, and to master the alien world in which it takes place, becomes a source of perverse pride and a sense of superiority. Today, the judicial process appears to confirm the belief that criminal acts are blows struck against domination by outsiders. Being subject to a neighborhood magistrate, younger offenders would be reminded that their actions injure their own community. The local magistrate could also impose punishments that redirect their attention and energies back toward the community.

The establishment or restoration of neighborhood authority could also pave the way for reform of the parole system. Instead of paroling prisoners into the care of a cynical yet inattentive bureaucracy, society could require that any parole be contingent on the willingness of the offender's neighborhood council to accept custody of him. Grants of parole would therefore reflect a judgment by people in a specific community that the early release was acceptable to them. Neighborhood councils should also be given authority to revoke such paroles if and when they decide the offender has again become a threat to decency and order in the neighborhood. Once the community takes responsibility for the parolee, the neighborhood council and constabulary, and indeed all interested citizens in the neighborhood, would, in effect, act as parole officers. This arrangement would also give the criminal elements something to gain from respecting neighborhood institutions.

Both the unrest in Los Angeles and the episode of injustice that occasioned it focus our attention on the community's vulnerability to violence, as well as its lack of trust in, and control over, law enforcement and the judiciary. But its most important weakness may be the fact the community itself has no authority over the many government programs that affect its individual inhabitants. Because of this deficiency there is no connection between the help the individual receives and the decent mores the community needs to encourage. Neighborhood self-government makes it possible to rectify this deficiency by placing the administration of these programs under the jurisdiction of the representative neighborhood body and in the hands of people from the neighborhood itself. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Down with the Deficit

BALANCING ACT

Conservatives have legitimate reasons to fear a balanced-budget amendment. But those reasons are outweighed by the good it would do. Notice who its principal opponents are, and then decide.

STEPHEN MOORE

ANYONE who doubts the value of the balanced-budget amendment should just listen to the amendment's opponents. Virtually every pro-spending special-interest group—the AFL-CIO, the National Education Association, the American Association of Retired Persons, government employee unions, most defense contractors—has condemned the idea. These groups complain that taking away the government's ability to borrow will necessitate cutbacks on housing, welfare, programs for the elderly, student loans, highways and transit, farm price supports, business subsidies, and on and on.

That's certainly a compelling case *for* the amendment. These groups recognize that the ability to borrow—to the tune of about a billion dollars a day—has become their cash cow. As economist James Buchanan has put it, deficits create a "fiscal illusion" that taxpayers are getting government largesse without having to pay for it. Today's spending programs will not be paid for by us, but by our children, who are more or less politically powerless. Every child born today in America inherits a $16,000 slice of the federal debt. Ironically, groups like the the National Education Association, which claim to represent the political interests of the young, are leading the full-court press against the amendment.

The surprise is the lack of support for the amendment on the Right. The U.S. Chamber of Commerce and the *Wall Street Journal* editorial page, fierce critics of big government, have blasted the balanced-budget bill sponsored by Senator Paul Simon (D., Ill.). The *Journal* says the bill's Capitol Hill supporters "have all the sincerity of a trial lawyers' convention." Even Milton Friedman has been unenthusiastic. They have legitimate complaints: the Simon bill and its counterpart in the House, sponsored by conservative Democrat (that's not yet an oxymoron) Charles Stenholm of Texas, contain neither tax limitation nor a spending cap. A vastly superior version of the amendment has been proposed by Senator Robert Kasten (R., Wisc.). The rub is that only Simon's version appears to have enough Democratic support to pass. Is a watered-down version of the balanced-budget amendment better than none at all?

The main argument against Simon's bill is that it is a Trojan horse for a tax increase. In other words, if we don't let Congress continue to borrow, then it will tax—and that is even worse. Thus, the Left's objection to the balanced-budget amendment is that it will lead to permanently lower spending; the Right's objection is that it will lead to higher taxes.

In fact, both groups exaggerate the difficulty of getting from here, a $400-billion deficit, to there, a balanced budget. First of all, no one is talking of eliminating the deficit in one year. As balanced-budget foes are fond of pointing out, that would be the equivalent of eliminating the Pentagon or Social Security one and a half times, enough to send even the most fearless budget cutter running for cover.

But over five years the budget could be balanced if total spending were restrained to 3 per cent annual growth—rather than the 10 per cent growth of the past five years—without requiring a penny of new taxes. This hardly means austerity. It does mean no new Great Society, no national health insurance, no national energy strategy, no Marshall plan for the cities, or any other such horror. In other words, it would require Congress and the President to make choices for a change.

Look at the States

ONE WAY to gauge the potential effects of a federal balanced-budget requirement is to look at how similar requirements work in the states. (Forty-nine states have requirements of various degrees of stringency.)

From 1940 to 1990, state and local spending climbed from 12 to 14 per cent of national income. Over this same period, federal spending climbed from 13 to 28 per cent of national income. It is inconceivable that federal spending would have skyrocketed as it has if Congress had had to raise taxes every year to pay for its spending, as the states do.

Another important difference is that state budgets tend to expand during periods of economic growth and contract in periods of recession, whereas

Mr. Moore is director of fiscal-policy studies at the Cato Institute.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the federal budget expands during economic booms and expands even faster during recessions, on the Keynesian theory that federal spending acts as an automatic economic stabilizer. (Yes, there are still economists who believe this.) Consider the last two recessions, 1980–83 and 1990–92. From 1980 to 1983 real state general-fund expenditures *fell* by about 1 per cent, while real federal expenditures grew by more than 10 per cent. From 1990 to 1992 real state general-fund expenditures remained constant, whereas real federal expenditures will have grown by 9 per cent. These periods of state budgetary contraction have a very positive impact on how states operate—as a recent *New York Times* headline explained, RECESSION LEAVING STATE GOVERNMENTS MORE EFFICIENT. Nationwide, some 12,000 state workers have been axed since 1990 and more than 20,000 have been furloughed. Four states have eliminated general welfare assistance for employable adults because they couldn't afford it any longer. Quick: When is the last time the Federal Government eliminated an entitlement?

It is true that such governors as Pete Wilson of California, Jim Florio of New Jersey, and Lowell Weicker of Connecticut have used balanced-budget requirements as excuses for raising taxes by $40 billion over the past two years. Yet anyone who believes Congress will simply rush off to raise taxes by $300 billion should examine what has happened to the legislators in those states. After Florio and his cronies raised taxes $2.8 billion in 1990, voters threw out nearly half the state legislature the next year. The legislators who voted for a first-time-ever income tax in Connecticut last year will almost certainly face the same voter wrath this fall. And in the last three years nine tax-raising governors have been privatized by angry electorates.

The surest way to overturn Washington's current establishment—the George Mitchells, Ted Kennedys, and Dick Gephardts—is to force them to vote to raise taxes by $300 billion in order to fund their new "war on poverty," or to preserve mass-transit subsidies, the NEA, etc.

Without a balanced-budget amendment or something like it, we are not just losing the battle of the budget, we are getting crushed by the pro-spending juggernaut. In the last three years the federal domestic budget, adjusted for inflation, will have expanded by almost 30 per cent, or by $175 billion. After nearly 12 years of Republicans in the White House, domestic spending as a share of national income is higher than it was when Jimmy Carter was ousted as a big spender. You can count on one hand the number of programs that have been abolished in the past decade.

And it will get worse. The Institute for Policy Innovation, a Texas-based think tank, has released a study showing that because of the growth built into entitlement programs, federal spending will grow to 30 per cent of national income by 2000, 35 per cent by 2010, and 40 per cent by 2020. Yet last month Congress balked at a modest five-year measure to cap entitlement growth at 2 per cent over inflation plus case-load increase.

The real problem is not that deficits cause inflation or higher interest rates (the 1980s proved they don't), or that interest on the debt crowds out other spending (that's a virtue, not a vice), but that deficit finance has taken the political pain out of federal spending. Red ink is feeding the culture of spending that so imperils our eco-

THE *Multilingua, Inc.* LANGUAGE SERIES

LEARN TO SPEAK FRENCH, GERMAN, SPANISH OR JAPANESE AND FIVE OTHER LANGUAGES FROM THE OFFICIAL COURSE FOR AMERICAN DIPLOMATS

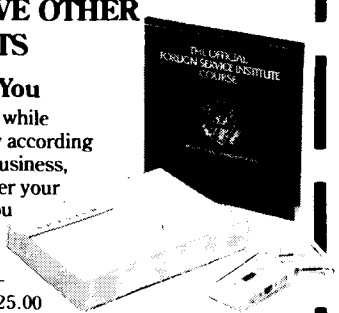
Learn from the official Foreign Service Institute Course developed for the U.S. Department of State

Now you can learn to speak a foreign language from the same expert tutors who taught our foreign diplomats. Developed specifically for the U.S. Department of State, this easy-to-use home study course will teach you French, German, Spanish or Italian at your own pace and convenience. This is the same course that allowed our diplomats to go abroad knowledgeable in the language of their assigned country. Now you too can benefit from this unique language course. ALSO EXCELLENT FOR STUDENTS.

Step-by-step home study tapes

- Complete home study course in one simple package
- Easy to follow steps
- Instruction manuals keyed to tapes
- Tape lengths up to ninety minutes
- Play on any standard sized cassette player

Take Your Classroom With You



Learn in the comfort of your home or while traveling in a car, boat or plane. Study according to your needs. Learn a language for business, education, travel or pleasure. Whatever your reason, just 30 minutes a day gives you proficiency in the language of your choice, normally in a four to six week time period. Select from: Basic–12 cassettes and 200 page textbook—$125.00
Intermediate—24 cassettes and 400 page textbook—$195.00
Advanced—48 cassettes and 2 comprehensive textbooks—$350.00
I understand that if I am not completely satisfied, I may return it within 15 days for credit or refund. There is a shipping and handling charge.

Shipping charge: Basic–$8.50 Intermediate–$12.50 Advanced–$16.00

For overseas shipments: Basic courses, ☐ Ocean $28.50 — 6 to 8 weeks ☐ Air Parcel $37.00 — 3 to 4 weeks ☐ UPS $55.00 — 2 to 7 days. 50% more than Basic for Intermediate. 75% more than Basic for Advanced. Inquire about our video language courses.

Choose from BASIC: ☐ Spanish 01 ☐ French 02 ☐ German 03 ☐ Italian 04 ☐ Japanese 05 ☐ Saudi Arabic 06 ☐ Greek 07 ☐ Hebrew 08 ☐ Cantonese 09
INTERMEDIATE: ☐ Spanish 10 ☐ French 11 ☐ German 12 ☐ Italian 13 ☐ Japanese 14 ☐ Saudi Arabic 15 ☐ Greek 16 ☐ Hebrew 17 ☐ Cantonese 18
ADVANCED: ☐ Spanish 19 ☐ French 20 ☐ German 21

☐ American Express ☐ MasterCard ☐ Visa ☐ Check

CALL 1-800-638-1000 FAX #212-754-4216

Multilingua, Inc.

575 Madison Avenue Suite 505 New York, N.Y. 10022

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nomic future. If deficits are outlawed, politicans may try to raise taxes, which will last until the next election. In the long run, government would begin to shrink. The Left knows this all too well, which is why the pro-spending lobby loathes balanced-budget amendments. The Right needs to understand that this is a case where the enemy of my enemy is my friend. □

Fortress Europe?

THE COMING EUROMESS

The State Department likes the EC bureaucracy's idea of a united Europe. No one else should.

ANGELO CODEVILLA

SHOULD Americans be delighted that, as the State Department believes, Europe is uniting into a powerful partner for peace, prosperity, and civilization? Should we join in the fashionable fears of those who see the Maastricht Treaty of December 1991 endowing 350 million Europeans with a Japanese-style industrial policy that will relegate the U.S. to third place in a global economic competition? Or will we look on with dismay as European governments, under leaders largely lacking in aptitude, legitimacy, and vision, buck the healthiest trends in the modern world?

The first postwar wave of European leaders were conservative Catholics from the border areas of France, Germany, and Italy. No one could think of Charles de Gaulle as slack in patriotism or unmindful that executive authority is important. Nevertheless, he shared his conservative family's premodern vision of the good life—abhorring regimentation as well as looking back to centuries when localities and regions had managed their own affairs without much interference from the central government. Konrad Adenauer, an old-fashioned Rhenish Catholic, shared this vision.

Their vision, "the Europe of the Fatherlands," was shared by Italy's postwar re-founder, Alcide de Gasperi, and was embodied in the founding document of the Common Market in 1957: Governments, while giving up none of their responsibilities, would free their societies and economies to grow together. Not least of the reasons why these conservatives wanted to draw their peoples together was to safeguard European civilization against Communist barbarians. Thus the guiding vision, the source of legitimacy for the early vision of Europe, was a combination of decentralized government, liberal economics, free trade, and Christian culture.

Until the mid 1960s, European leftists fought against European unity. The socialists saw the Communist regimes not as barbarians but as brothers. They wanted rapprochement or even unity *with* Communists, not against them. They also regarded the Common Market's commitment to free trade, and to diminishing the powers of national governments to grant privileges, as an attack on the practical basis of socialism—patronage. As socialists took power within European countries, they naturally transformed the pan-European enterprise according to their vision.

During the 1980s, as socialism became less and less acceptable *within* each of the countries of Europe, socialists sought to move more and more regulatory and taxing powers to the European Commission in Brussels. Because the EC Commission is not directly accountable to any set of voters, and because to challenge any of its acts is to challenge the whole construct of "Europe"—and implicitly to challenge intra-European peace as well—the EC Commission was the ideal tool for super-centralist socialist management.

As internal tariff barriers fell, the Commissioners balanced their obligations to expand intra-European trade with protectionism via "anti-dumping" measures, wielded in particular against Japanese exports, and regulations to "harmonize" standards across the Community. The EC Commission brings together various producers of any given item, say a lawnmower or a condom, and negotiates agreement on a single standard for its production (yes, there is a Eurocondom, precisely 15.2 cm long). The Commission is even restricting to some half-dozen the varieties of apples allowed to be sold in the Community.

Such Eurosocialism will produce stagflation, not wealth. No one should have been surprised that the mighty German economy choked in its attempt to assimilate the former East Germany. The Germans proceeded according to socialist, not capitalist, principles. Not only did they exchange the near worthless Ostmark for real Deutschmarks, but they immediately extended the West's social-welfare system to the East, enabling most Easterners to live far better than they ever had, without working. Moreover, instead of letting Eastern companies fail and giving each worker a share of the assets to be sold off, they began an open-ended restructuring process that is dragging the rest of the country down. And the ensuing systemic, long-term recession is dragging down the rest of Europe. The Germans were following the sad example of Italy, which has spent perhaps a trillion dollars on a forty-year attempt to bring its Southern regions up to Northern standards. Alas, distributing money to the indolent, corrupt South corrupted the North more than it helped the South.

Yet this is precisely the approach that the EC as a whole is taking with regard to its poorer members—Spain, Portugal, Greece, Ireland, etc. Nine out of the EC twelve are net recipients of subsidies. The bargain is straightforward: the poorer members take welfare in exchange for raising the cost of doing business to match that in high-cost countries. The adoption of a single Eurocurrency would lock in the high costs and hence the respective roles of rich and poor. In the long run, this is a bad bargain for both sides.

Mr. Codevilla is a Fellow at the Hoover Institution. His next book is Governments and Consequences *(Basic Books).*

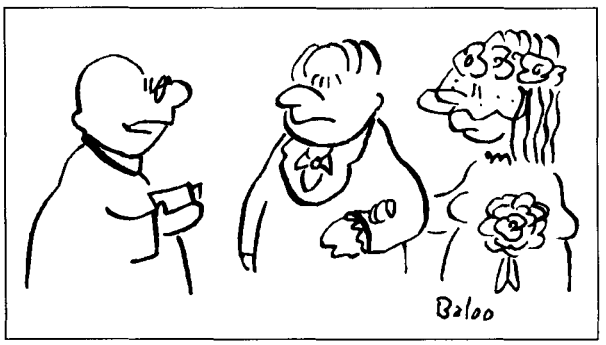
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Another rationale for the EC's subsidies is that they allow governments to pick and foster "champions" which will then conquer global markets. Although agriculture is the field in which this is applied on the largest scale, this is "industrial policy"—the governmental tool that American policy intellectuals now almost unanimously agree is the key to prosperity. Well, its record in Europe is dismal. The latest "champion," Groupe Bull computers, absorbed about a billion dollars and then flopped on world markets. (The EC Commission uses them.)

It is unlikely that the EC twelve will generate enough income, and enough discipline, to "harmonize" labor costs and social policy from Crete to Scotland. It is even less likely that they will be able to deal with the post-Communist economies on their doorstep. The EC is in the process of closing, not opening, its doors to the rest of the industrialized world because it is driven both by rising German labor costs and by a neo-mercantilist mentality: export more than you import, while keeping domestic prices and wages high. This mentality, which earlier in this century lowered Argentina from the First World to the Third, is unlikely ever to help the former Second World to climb into the ranks of the First. Indeed at this rate the EC will be characterized by labor costs on the level of Germany, trade-union activity on the level of 1970s Britain, bureaucracy as punctilious as in France and as honest as in Greece, and citizens who, to get along, will have to learn to act like Italians.

Eurosocialists are destroying one of the last habitats of that rarest of European creatures—political legitimacy. In 1992 record numbers of Frenchmen, Italians, and Germans are voting against their traditional political parties. Italy has begun a revolution against its entire political class. Positive enthusiasm is limited to Lombard separatism and to a movement for direct election and deposition of officeholders. In Germany massive resentment of Easterners, immigrants, and taxes is mixed with near reverence for the Bundesbank and Deutschmark as the repositories of Teutonic virtue. In Spain the age-old pattern seems to have re-asserted itself: Madrid is respected insofar as it leaves the regions alone (and when you go to the Barcelona Olympics, please don't call Catalan a dialect of Spanish). In Britain the widespread pattern of regional reassertion breaks down—Scottish separatism subsided in the recent election—and the government's legitimacy rests on its promise not to return to socialism as well as to maintain a separate British identity. In France, where the ruling party gets under 20 per cent of the vote—neck and neck with the extremist National Front—legitimacy will belong to whoever best ends Arab immigration. The consent of the governed rests on bases that differ greatly from place to place, but which are none too solid anywhere.

In our civilization, political authority is ultimately moral and can only come from the voters. Europeans are barely obeying their national governments. Why should they obey Brussels? Why should a Portuguese sardine cannery and its workers accept being forced out of business because of regulations they feel they had no say in? Why should Spaniards pay high interest rates because Germans chose to handle reunification in a particular way? Why should Englishmen be forced to give labor unions privileges that they democratically revoked? It is a safe bet that, as Europe's economic slump deepens and as a host of problems arise, European politicians will regret having built the EC edifice without a thought about how the privilege of governing was to be earned.



". . . until death, or government meddling, do you part?"

Of, by, and for Bureaucrats

EUROPEAN UNITY *could* be built on political decentralization and democratic diversity within a free-trade area rather than on a foredoomed attempt at *Gleichschaltung*. Why, for example, prevent the Danes from experimenting with legalization of drugs? Why threaten the Lombards' or the Catalans' precious dreams of autonomy? Why try to force the Irish to tolerate abortion? Left to themselves, all parts of Europe will satisfy themselves. The role of pan-European institutions should be to mediate between rich forms of life, and to draw out common sentiment. But today's EC represents bureaucrats, not people.

What then will come of the Single European Act of 1986? Maybe very little. Consider: as 1992 began, all 12 states had passed a grand total of 43 out of the 282 laws which they had committed themselves to passing by the end of 1992. No state had passed more than 190. Note also that of the 12 states that approved standards for admission to the "Single European Currency" (low rates of inflation and budget deficits, etc.) only two met those standards. Consider also that similarly grandiose plans had been formulated twenty years ago; then the price of oil rose—and European governments forgot their commitments.

The new Europe showed its impotence as Serbia wrecked Dubrovnik, one of Europe's treasures, and later Sarajevo. Serbia could only have retreated before any sort of European expeditionary force. Yet no politician in the EC could bring himself to argue for force. Thus the EC let Serbia establish an evil little empire next door. Discussion of procedures for formulating a common foreign policy substituted for such a policy.

What would the EC countries do if the next coup in Moscow brought a regime intent on using guns to compel butter? Or what if a Riyadh–Baghdad–Damascus axis threatened another oil embargo? Within the EC countries there are more than enough people, Marks, francs, microchips, and guns. But there is no Churchill, no de Gaulle, not even a George Bush to call right and wrong by name. The EC would probably pay ransom and ask for American help while decrying America's shortcomings.

While Europeans are demanding a lightening of taxation and regulation, they are getting a heavier dose of both. While Europeans are feeling less and less comfortable with rule from faraway national capitals and are de-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

manding power for local and regional governments, they are becoming subject to the whims of a single set of unelected Eurocrats in Brussels. While Europeans are rejoicing at the end of the cold war, while they are looking forward to reabsorbing Eastern Europe and to greater partnership with America and Japan, the Eurocrats' trade barriers are helping to keep Eastern Europe a welfare case and are driving the industrial world toward increased protectionism.

Alas, it looks as if, once again, Europe will be a source of cautionary lessons—and of trouble. □

The IMF

FOREIGN-AID ADDICTION

The IMF is a financial methadone clinic, helping states fight their spending addiction by going deeper in debt.

DOUG BANDOW

FOREIGN AID is very much in vogue these days. And virtually every new aid proposal envisions a central role for the International Monetary Fund (IMF). The G-7, for instance, expects the IMF and World Bank to provide $4.5 billion of its $24-billion aid program to Moscow. Even NATIONAL REVIEW seems to accept the value of IMF aid, merely suggesting ["The Week," May 25] that we "keep our eye on how the IMF does the job." Alas, our past forty years of keeping an eye on the Fund has done nothing to improve its performance.

Created as part of the Bretton Woods agreement in the waning days of World War II, the IMF has transformed its mission from managing exchange rates to promoting international development. It is second in importance only to the World Bank in lending to Third World states and the formerly socialist world.

It will also soon become a serious drain on the United States. The Bush Administration is pressing for congressional approval of $12 billion in budget authority to cover Washington's share of the agreed-upon 50 per cent hike in the IMF's resources. Although actual outlays will lag behind authority, American taxpayers will feel the IMF's sharp bite.

It could have been worse. In the fall of 1989, Michel Camdessus, managing director of the IMF, declared his intention to help the world's poor by *doubling* his organization's resources, from $120 billion to $240 billion. This would, he said, be "the cheapest way for taxpayers in the richer countries to come to the aid of the poor." The member nations didn't go that far, but they agreed to a $60-billion hike.

Another reason the Fund wants more money is that it, like the commercial banks, is having trouble collecting on its past loans. Today its arrears total about $4 billion, more than 10 per cent of its outstanding credit. Economist Jeffrey Sachs reports that most agreements "are now honored in the breach." Several other commentators have found what Sachs describes as "mediocre compliance at best." Under these circumstances most people would suggest increased prudence in extending new credit, but an independent international bureaucracy able to lift the wallets of taxpayers around the globe sees the solution quite differently: increase lending.

What does the IMF do with its money? In contrast to the World Bank, the Fund does not back individual projects, such as a power plant or redevelopment program. Instead, it makes loans to governments, theoretically to assist them in promoting overall economic development. The Fund imposes a variety of conditions on borrowers that are supposed to improve their economic performance and ensure repayment of the loans.

Unfortunately, the IMF has had little success in promoting real market-oriented policy reform. Instead, all it has done is create yet another subsidy for corrupt rulers of statist regimes.

The best test of the effectiveness of the IMF is to see how many of its developing countries have "graduated" to the ranks of developed countries. Alas, success stories are few. Six nations—Chile, Egypt, India, Sudan, Turkey, and Yugoslavia—have been relying on IMF aid for more than thirty years (through 1989); 23 countries have been borrowers for 20 to 29 years; and 48, almost one-third of all the states in the world, have been using IMF credit for 10 to 19 years. While the Fund has not necessarily caused nations to become dependent on foreign funds, its efforts have not appeared to help any nation achieve independence through self-sustaining growth.

There are several specific problems with IMF lending.

Inappropriate Conditions. As a condition for a loan the IMF demands that a nation reduce its current-account deficit—so the borrower restricts imports. Insistence that a country cut its budget deficit may cause it to raise taxes, slowing growth. Many observers have criticized the organization for its heavy emphasis on exchange rate devaluation.

There are obviously many cases in which the IMF does push for sensible reform. However, the "toughness" of the Fund's conditions has varied over time. Among the factors causing the variations was, economist John Williamson admits, pressure "to lend money in order to justify having it."

Lack of Enforcement. If a country violates its agreement with the Fund, the Fund might grant a waiver, modifying the conditions of the loan. Or it might suspend the loan, but then negotiate a new agreement. Money will start to flow again, the borrower will violate the new conditions, the IMF will hold up payments, the loan will be renegotiated, and the process will begin anew. How else can one explain 17 different arrangements with Peru between 1971 and 1977, 8 separate standby programs for Brazil between 1965 and 1972 (which recently faced

(Continues on page 61)

Mr. Bandow is a Senior Fellow at the Cato Institute and the editor of U.S. Aid to the Developing World: A Free-Market Agenda *(the Heritage Foundation).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sex for Sale

ROGER SCRUTON

JUDGE Richard Posner established his academic reputation with an economic theory of law. Legal reasoning, he argued, can be explained (and in a certain measure justified) by social costs and benefits. It can be understood, therefore, as an application of economic reasoning, grounded in the same principles of rational choice as are applied in the marketplace.

A clever and lucid writer, Posner takes a utilitarian approach to social realities, in the tradition of Jeremy Bentham and John Stuart Mill. His style contains echoes, too, of Thorstein Veblen and Max Weber: he is half in love with the severe rationality of his discourse, and sees in our dear illusions only a welcome opportunity to puncture them. His choice of the science of economics is dictated in part by its cool objectivity. "Economics," he tells us, "*is* the analysis of rational choice," and the theory of rational choice offers the best scientific answer to our social problems. *Sex and Reason* extends this approach to human sexuality. The result is about as unreasonable as a discussion of sex could be.

Sex and Reason, by Richard Posner (Harvard, 458 pp., $29.95)

Though Posner's footnotes testify to long hours with the works of feminists, gay activists, and sexologists, it is clear that he has been neither deterred nor improved by this experience. He summarizes his work in these terms: "Functional, secular, utilitarian, the theory that I present relies heavily on economic analysis."

He calls it "the economic theory of sexuality." The theory has a "positive" side, which explains and justifies the rational choices through which our sexual impulses express themselves; and a "normative" side, which, according to Posner, is liberal in the "classical" manner of Mill. "Government interference with adult consensual activities," he goes on, "is unjustified unless it can be shown to be necessary for the protection of the liberty and the property of other persons." (One might object that there are other things in need of protecting: innocence, for example, happiness, and the capacity for love. But these are apparently not on the liberal agenda.)

Chris Miles

It is worth remarking that Posner is not a very acute observer of the human world. He constantly asserts that the Puritan heritage of Americans has made them "reticent" about sex; and that "because this reticence still characterizes discussions of sex in our culture, Americans tend not to be well informed about the subject." I agree that Americans are not well-informed about the subject; however, this is the result not of reticence but of its opposite. By denying the place of desire in the course of human love, the Puritans acquired a compulsive fascination with sex. As Posner's footnotes testify, a vast prurient industry, employing writers and researchers in a thousand pseudo-disciplines, has sprung up in the rotting carcass of American Puritanism. The average half-educated American has become not only a bore but also a distinct social liability on account of his (or more often her) tendency to speak frankly, objectively, and medicinally about sex at the first available opportunity. Since sex, properly understood, demands reticence, decency, and most of all a suspicion of the pseudo-scientific categories whose hidden purpose is to demystify and so demean it, it is not surprising that Americans have ceased to be well informed about it. They are ill informed by virtue of a glut of information. The fact that (according to Posner) the National Opinion Research Center is now seeking $18 million to conduct the greatest survey of mindless chatter on this subject since the Kinsey reports can only be greeted with a sigh of lamentation.

Posner establishes the tone of his researches with the opening sentence of Chapter One: "There is sexual behavior, having to do mainly with excitation of the sexual organs." In reality sexual behavior involves courtship, desire, love, jealousy, marriage, grief, joy, and intrigue. Such excitement as occurs is excitement of the whole person. As for the sexual organs, they can be as "excited" (if that is the word) by a bus journey as by the presence of the object of desire. Nevertheless, Posner's simplifying language is essential to his aim. Although he strenuously denies that he is a "reductionist," there would be no hope of even beginning his "economic theory" if he could not identify the goal of sexual behavior in the terms he uses. The ends of sexual activity, he says, are "procreative, hedonistic, and sociable," and the hedonistic rewards of sex he compares to "scratching an itch, or to drinking water when one is thirsty." It is, of course, more like drinking wine when one is not thirsty, though even that misses the point. As for the "sociable" aim, this refers to the "use of sex to construct or reinforce relationships with other people, such as spouse and friends"—in which description few, I suspect, will recognize any social experience of their own.

What is absent from this picture?

Mr. Scruton is the author of Sexual Desire: A Moral Philosophy of the Erotic.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The answer is simple—sexual desire, by which I mean the desire *for another person*. When John desires Mary he does not seek to "scratch the itch" of his sexual excitement. For in that case why choose Mary? Why not Elizabeth, Henry, or anything else at hand—a rubber doll, say? The object of desire is an individual person, treated as such in the very act of desiring him: not a means to my pleasure, but an end in himself. The point was made centuries ago by Socrates, as recorded by Xenophon: "Socrates . . . said he thought Critias was no better off than a pig if he wanted to scratch himself against Euthydemus as piglets against a stone." We recognize in that picture of Critias's lust not true desire but one of its infantile perversions. Having set off on the path of Critias, it is hardly surprising if Posner begins to describe the "cost" of sexual gratification in such repugnant terms as these:

> One is the cost of search. It is zero for masturbation, considered as a solitary activity, which is why it is the cheapest of sexual practices. (The qualification is important: "mutual masturbation," heterosexual or homosexual, is a form of nonvaginal intercourse, and its search costs are positive.)

He proceeds to consider hypothetical cases: for example, the case where a man sets a "value" of "20" on "sex" with a "woman of average attractiveness," and a "value" of "2" on "sex" with a "male substitute." In this way, by constructing a slightly mad, and in any case obscene, fiction in the place of normal sexual desire, Posner is able to persuade himself that ordinary procedures of economic reasoning might explain and justify the vast expenditure of human energy on this pursuit, which his language, however, makes quite incomprehensible.

BY "de-moralizing" sex, Posner also moralizes it, in a liberal direction. If sex is the neutral, although slightly distasteful, activity that Socrates condemned, then what conceivable point is there in controlling or forbidding it? Everything goes, at least between consenting adults. If this or that practice is to be avoided, it is not because it is morally wrong, but because of its social costs and side-effects. It is not surprising that Posner is persuaded by Foucault's *History of Sexuality*, according to which it is only in certain civilizations that the sexual act has been moralized, when the construction of sexual morality has been dictated by the needs of "power." This *marxisant* fantasy leads Foucault (and following him Posner) to imagine that in ancient Greece the sexual act was regarded neutrally.

Foucault's hidden agenda was to free homosexual desire from the taint of interdiction. But even if the Greeks did not condemn all homosexual desires, they distinguished a right and a wrong among them and inclined, as all civilizations have inclined, toward restraint and sublimation. Like other civilized people, the Greeks were, except during specific religious festivals, reticent about sex, and attached shame and dishonor to its blatant display. They condemned adultery, buggery, and incest, and wrote of sexual desire as a moral relation between people. They produced the greatest of all moralizers of the sexual act—Plato—who advocated a severer chastity than human beings are capable of attaining.

Foucault was a towering intellect. But he was also a liar and a charlatan. Like all his works, the *History of Sexuality* was concocted in order to pour scorn on the "bourgeois" world which produced him, so as to secure absolute freedom from its moral demands (demands that were in any case no more than hesitant). Once we recognize that the object of desire is a person, who judges and is judged in the very moment of arousal, we see that what Foucault called the "problematization" of the sexual act is part of its nature. If sex were not moralized, it would cease to be the thing that it is: the interpersonal force around which our life-choices congregate.

If Posner occasionally talks sense, it is because of a deep and interesting inconsistency in his argument. His "economic theory" is based on the study of rational choice under risk and uncertainty, where the goal is sexual satisfaction. This goal is the individual agent's, and the rational constraints are those which govern his choice of the means to achieve it. But Posner's theory of sexuality is derived from sociobiology, and concerns the *genetic* strategy of humans. This sociobiological account, properly worked out, can be made quite plausible (perhaps even as plausible as the theory of evolution itself). As Posner notes (to the anticipated dismay of feminists and sexual anarchists), sociobiology explains not only traditional sexual customs but also (though, as a good liberal, Posner does not dwell on this) the moral interdictions that enforce them. A successful genetic strategy would likely require the following: sexual jealousy, and an asymmetry between the jealousy of the male and that of the female; a desire for chastity and virginity in the female; a division of sexual labor; a desire in men for younger women and in women for older men; revulsion against incest and child abuse; and a host of other realities that are everywhere to be observed.

ALL THOSE facts are explained by sociobiology. But the explanation refers to the strategy of the human gene, and makes no mention either of the individual's desire or of the rational choice needed to fulfill it. Hence it can provide no foundation for an "economic theory" of that choice, still less for a sexual morality. For all sociobiology tells us, our genes may be morally quite in the wrong. After all, they dispose us to warfare, too.

When Posner comes to develop his economic theory, he is forced to assume that the strategy of each individual is identical with that of his genes: otherwise his "theory of sexuality" has no bearing on the social problem. Thus he "explains" the male demand for female fidelity this way: "It is obvious why a man should want his wife to be faithful; if she is not, the children she bears may not be his, and his reproductive strategy will be thwarted." But an equally obvious response of *Homo economicus* to this problem is to provide his wife with a store of contraceptives. All sociobiology implies is that a race prone to sexual jealousy is more likely to perpetuate its genes than one that is not. This neither justifies jealousy nor provides the individual with a strategy for avoiding it.

So wedded is Posner to his economic theory that he slips back and forth between the gene and its rational by-product, deriving guidance for the second from the needs of the first, and so making nonsense not only of sexual morality but also of the legislation that has grown from it. For Posner, rape is a crime because of its effect on the sexual economy. A rapist is a "sex thief." But what is taken? And what kind of belonging is this, which ruins

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the life of the person who loses it, and never enriches the thief? Ponder those questions and you will not only reject the application of economic categories to the sphere of sexual conduct, but also see how dangerous they are.

Consider the parallel case of aesthetic interest, which is like sexual desire (I would argue) in being something that only rational beings can feel. You can easily imagine an economic theory of painting. Human beings have a desire to look at paintings, and are prepared to pay for the opportunity to do so. Paintings do not serve any purpose (other than this one, of being looked at). But the desire for them can be enhanced or diminished by judicious propaganda. Critics, for example, can inflate the demands for a painting by persuading the public to place an added value on the sight of it. We can begin to work out, from those premises, a table of optimal strategies for painters, critics, and gallery owners. For instance, the optimal strategy for a critic interested in money is to remain silent about the works of painter Smith at the time when there is no demand for them, to acquire them all, and then, on Smith's death or senility (perhaps joining with other critics and similar inside traders), to praise Smith as the greatest painter of his time.

The example makes sense, of course, precisely because we have dropped all reference to aesthetic interest, and put monetary interest in the place of it. Aesthetic interest is interest in a painting *for its own sake*. There is no way in which the aesthetic value of a painting can be measured by the costs of those who traipse to see it, nor is there any other measure of that value to be obtained from the economics of aesthetic behavior.

In a similar way, the object of desire is not measured by the costs of obtaining her; nor is she valued merely as a means to some quantifiable pleasure. The sexual experience like the aesthetic lies in the realm of intrinsic value. Even to consider that one person may be exchanged for another as the prize of my desire is to retreat from the sexual encounter. Hence the attempt to found sexual morality in an economic theory will always be irrational, however rational the theory. And since the motive of sexual legislation lies in the moral values that give rise to it, an economic theory will have no guidance to offer the lawgiver in this, the most difficult area that legislation must encompass. □

Two Nations, One Hack

WILLIAM TUCKER

I WAS half-way through Andrew Hacker's *Two Nations*, growing ever more aggravated by its bleak portrait of American life, when the events in Los Angeles interrupted. Here, I thought, must be a reason to give the book a second chance. After all, the dire world of racial polarization portrayed by Hacker was exactly the world being acted out on my television.

Two Nations: Black and White, Separate, Hostile, Unequal, by Andrew Hacker (Scribner's, 257 pp., $24.95)

Upon second consideration, though, I like the book even less. While in a superficial way it can be read as a prophetic jeremiad—and indeed during the riots Hacker was repeatedly cited and interviewed as an expert on the direction of race relations—it is exactly the kind of rhetorical posturing that is bound to lead us into another 25 years of stagnating racial unease.

Let me explain my own view of the riots. To me, the events in Los Angeles were a kind of lovers' quarrel. There is hardly anybody left in America, from Rodney King on up, who doesn't believe that, one way or another, black and white Americans are going to have to learn to live with each other. Over 75 per cent of whites, for example, thought the verdict on the L.A. cops was wrong—one of those arcane outcomes of a justice system whose specialty is finding new ways to let guilty people off the hook. So I suspect the aftermath of Los Angeles will be

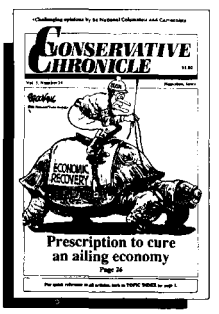
Mr. Tucker is the author of The Excluded Americans: Homelessness and Housing Policy *(Regnery).*

GET WILLIAM SAFIRE

Now you can read William Safire's columns along with many other outstanding conservative columnists and leading cartoonists every week.

William Safire

If you want to know what all the nation's finest conservative minds are saying about the Middle East crisis, terrorism, the Supreme Court, U.S. defense spending, obscenity, educational reform and individual rights ... now there is **one** convenient source – the ***Conservative Chronicle***!



Every week, read William Safire's column along with William Buckley, George Will, R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr., William Rusher, Evans & Novak, James Kirkpatrick, Thomas Sowell, Charley Reese, Oliver North, Jeane Kirkpatrick – more than **28** leading columnists with conservative appeal.

Enjoy the wit and humor of the ***Conservative Chronicle's*** featured cartoonists, including Jeff McNelly, Dick Wright, Steve Kelly, Mike Shelton, Jerry Barnett, Bill DeOre and Henry Payne.

All 52 issues are yours for $39.00! Cancel at any time and get a full refund on unmailed copies. Write or call:

800-888-3039
(business hours)

Conservative Chronicle
BOX 11297-NR, DES MOINES, IA 50340-1297

Yes, *I accept your subscription offer of 1 year (52 issues) for $39.00 (add $25.00 for foreign postage). I understand I can obtain a full refund on unmailed copies at any time.*

Payment: ☐ Check ☐ Bill me ☐ VISA ☐ MC

CARD # _____ EXP. ____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____ APT. ____

CITY _____ STATE ____ ZIP ____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not the sort of long, bitter pulling apart that followed the Sixties riots, but a sincere effort at conciliation.

If that's true, it will disappoint Andrew Hacker. To him the whole matter is cut and dried: "At issue is whether government can or will commit itself to so raise black Americans that they will stand on a social and economic parity with members of other races." In Hacker's view, whites are racists and blacks are victims of racism. It is all as simple as that. As a result, everything that blacks do can be excused as just another understandable reaction and everything that whites do can be condemned as just another effort to keep things the way they are. Every statistic and current event can be twisted to demonstrate this.

Here, for example, is how Hacker explains why blacks make up only 4 per cent of bartenders and 2.5 per cent of dental hygienists, while they are 9.5 per cent of retail salesmen, 12 per cent of bakers, and 12.1 per cent of insurance-claims adjusters.

"The suspicion arises that proprietors of restaurants and lounges may feel that their white clientele do not want their food and drinks handled by black employees. . . . Perhaps most revealing of all is the small number of black dental hygienists. While white patients seem willing to be cared for by black nurses, they apparently draw the line at having black fingers in their mouths."

Even leading black personalities do not escape the scourge of Hacker's racial imperative: "Whites will be quick to point out that there have been successful 'black' programs on radio and television, as well as popular black entertainers and best-selling authors. Yet in these and other instances, it is whites who decide which people and programs will be underwritten. . . . You sometimes sense that much that is 'black' is missing in artists like Jessye Norman and Toni Morrison, Paul Robeson, and Bill Cosby, who you sense must tailor their talents to white audiences." I'd love to hear him read that passage to Toni Morrison.

Every paragraph of this book has the same off-the-top-of-my-head quality. Do blacks commit an inordinate amount of violent crime (more than half of all murders and armed robberies, even though they're only 12 per cent of the population)? Well, that's just because of white prejudice. But aren't most of these murders committed against other blacks? Well, that's because whites want it that way. Do black men rape with alarming frequency? Don't worry, rape has nothing to do with sex. It's only a way of getting back at the white establishment.

"Certainly, the conditions black men face in the United States generate far more anger and rage than is ever experienced by white men. To be a man is made doubly difficult, since our age continues to associate 'manliness' with worldly success [as opposed to all other ages, I suppose]. If black men vent their frustrations on women, it is partly because the women are more available targets, compared with the real centers of power, which remain so inchoate and remote." If you're Ralph Nader, that is, you can rape General Motors. If you're black, you must settle for the woman next door.

Now, exactly how does Andrew Hacker know so much about what it is like to be black in America? Page after page, he assures us that black people think this way and feel that way, yet there is not an anecdote, quote, or reported conversation in the entire book. Most of Hacker's information is wrung out of census data or gleaned from reading the daily newspapers. The real problem with *Two Nations* is that there are no human beings in it.

I live on a street in Brooklyn that is about half black. My neighbors are cordial, friendly, hard-working people. Within three blocks of my house, two immigrant storekeepers have had members of their family murdered by blacks during robberies. The Korean newsdealer down the street was robbed the other morning, moments before I walked into his store. The Puerto Rican bodega still has machine-gun holes in its ceiling from a robbery a few years ago. The Israeli deli owner had his $400 meat-slicer requisitioned in broad daylight. "It's always a black," he says. Out on Flatbush Avenue, two blacks recently pistol-whipped a priest who was standing in line at the bank waiting to deposit some tuition checks from his parochial school. The black people on my block who work two jobs, go to church on Sunday, and take in tenants to pay their mortgages would be just as insulted by Hacker's indulgence of black crime as they would be by his patronizing assertion that they need

¡Speak Spanish like a diplomat!®

What sort of people need to learn a foreign language as quickly and effectively as possible? *Foreign service personnel*, that's who. Members of America's diplomatic corps are assigned to U.S. embassies abroad, where they must be able to converse fluently in every situation.

Now you can learn to speak Spanish just as these diplomatic personnel do — with Foreign Service Institute's Programmatic Spanish Course. You'll learn Latin American Spanish recorded by native speakers.

The U.S. Department of State has spent thousands of dollars developing this course. It's by far *the most effective way* to learn Spanish at your own convenience and at your own pace.

The course consists of a series of cassettes and accompanying textbook. Simply follow the spoken and written instructions, listening and repeating. By the end of the course, you'll be learning and speaking entirely in Spanish!

This course turns your cassette player into a "teaching machine." With its unique "programmatic" learning method, you set your own pace – testing yourself, correcting errors, reinforcing accurate responses.

The FSI's Programmatic Spanish Course comes in two volumes, each shipped in a handsome library binder. Order either, or save 10% by ordering both:

☐ **Volume I: Basic:** 12 cassettes (17 hr.), and 464-p. text, $175.

☐ **Volume II: Intermediate:** 8 cassettes (12 hr.), and 614-p. text, $145.

(CT residents add sales tax.)

TO ORDER BY PHONE CALL
TOLL-FREE **1-800-243-1234**

To order by mail, clip this ad and send your name, address, and a check or money order, or charge to any major credit card by enclosing card number, expiration date, and your signature.

The Foreign Service Institute's Spanish course is unconditionally guaranteed. Try it for three weeks. If you're not convinced it's the fastest, easiest, most painless way to learn Spanish, return it and we'll refund every penny you paid. Order today!

215 courses in 75 other languages also available. Write us for free catalog. Our 20th year.

AUDIO-FORUM®
THE LANGUAGE SOURCE

Room F633
96 Broad St.
Guilford, CT 06437
(203) 453-9794

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the government to "raise them to the level of other races."

On the Sunday the riots were still raging in Los Angeles, I spent the afternoon in a nearby park watching my son's baseball team. We were the visiting team and our little band of players and parents were the only white people around. Yet there wasn't a trace of tension the entire afternoon. The umpire (who was black) called a good game, people rooted for their kids and applauded the other team's good plays, too. At one point a parent from the other team turned to me and said, "Doesn't this remind you of your own childhood?"

Snatching sections of *Two Nations* between innings, I felt I was reading some crudely lettered broadside from an underground political cabal. "No matter how degraded their lives, white people are still allowed to believe that they possess the blood, the genes, the patrimony of superiority. . . . White Americans of all classes have found it comforting to preserve blacks as a subordinate caste; a presence which, despite all its pain and problems, still provides whites with some solace in a stressful world." Does it ever occur to Hacker that he is selling black people short?

It goes almost without saying that Andrew Hacker is—as anyone who takes uch a grandly condescending view would pretty much have to be—white. □

Dell-Bourree Bach

Kennedy Compound

JEFFREY HART

IN *Black Water*, the prolific writer Joyce Carol Oates has accomplished something marvelous and theoretically challenging. She has taken the relatively known facts of the Chappaquiddick catastrophe and turned them into a brilliantly conceived novella, the literary form of which I believe to be unprecedented.

As the woman, Kelly Kelleher, sinks toward death in the automobile, a character named The Senator uses her body for leverage to escape, and as she dies we learn about her life. In form, the book can be described as a collec-

Black Water, by Joyce Carol Oates (Dutton, 154 pp., $17)

tion of complicated flashbacks. As she sinks, Kelly recalls her life. This is an old cliché revivified, where the drowning man relives his life on the third submergence.

Kelly Kelleher comes to life as she dies. Though the novel takes place in present time, she is a Johnson–Kennedy idealist, working for what seems to be a high-minded magazine. However, the editor of that magazine is an idealist in decay, in whom the old Johnson–Kennedy liberalism has turned to bile. Kelly herself remains an idealist until she realizes the truth about The Senator.

She "believes" in this man—and is charmed by him at the fateful July Fourth party on the island off Maine where they meet for the first time. The Senator is an aging preppy with blue eyes and great charisma. He makes you feel that he is really looking into your own eyes. He counterfeits intelligence. He has excellently capped large teeth, and, we soon find, a huge tongue. Kelly is stunned by his attention. He "chose me," is the way she sees it. Kelly, having agreed to sexual

Mr. Hart, a Senior Editor at NR, *is the author of* Acts of Recovery *(University Press of New England).*

The Kaufmann Fund

A NO-LOAD SMALL COMPANY GROWTH FUND

Portfolio Co-managers Hans Utsch and Lawrence Auriana combine over 50 years experience as analysts, money managers and venture capitalists.

#1 GROWTH FUND
Since Market Peak August 25, 1987 and
Since Market Low Dec. 4, 1987 to March 31, 1992.*

The Kaufmann Fund is dedicated to the objective of capital appreciation through investment in small growth companies just beyond the venture stage that have established profitability and have substantial growth prospects. These companies have strong positions in the markets they serve, as a result of proprietary technology or know-how.

Please read the Prospectus before investing. The performance cited represents past performance; investment performance fluctuates; fund shares when redeemed may be worth more or less than original cost.

For a prospectus please CALL
1-800-237-0132

***Per Investor's Business Daily**

KAUFMANN FUND • 17 BATTERY PLACE • SUITE 2624 • NEW YORK, NY 10004

Name_____ City/State/Zip_____

Address_____ Phone_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

seduction, leaves the party with The Senator, but he drives recklessly, drinking out of a glass as he steers, and they go into another kind of drink, whereupon The Senator forces his way out of the car door as the sea gurgles in.

This book is so beautifully written and conceived that I wonder if it does not raise a couple of larger questions. I thought myself that Saul Bellow's novella *The Bellarosa Connection* was so good that it moved into *Great Gatsby* and *Farewell to Arms* territory, moved into but not quite there. Even so, that was awfully good.

Yet the Fitzgerald and Hemingway novels hit the reading public, and the critical literary audience, as blockbusters. Seemingly, everyone cared about these novels and wondered what Hemingway or Fitzgerald—like Joyce, or Faulkner—was going to do next. I think that *The Bellarosa Connection* ought to have raised just such literary excitement, but it certainly did not. So far as I can tell, it sank into black water, reference intended. No one I know, and I am a professor of literature, talked about it or seemed excited. We should be excited about Joyce Carol Oates's *Black Water*, which approaches Fitzgerald in its risks with the sentence, and has more technical virtuosity than he possessed in its structure, which circles around meaning as the human mind actually does.

Black Water also raises formal and moral questions about the relationship of such a fiction to the actual event we all, more or less, know about. Everyone will identify The Senator with Ted Kennedy, of course, and Miss Oates's portrait of him seems credible. But The Senator could be generalized to include in himself Gary Hart, Nelson Rockefeller, or for that matter Jack Kennedy or Bill Clinton—a roaming male who exploits his political power to seduce women—yes, willing women who may scarcely know him.

But, if The Senator is recognizable and indeed generalizable, what about Kelly Kelleher? Of course she fills in for Mary Jo Kopechne. But, now, did Miss Kopechne have several lovers and carry an unused condom in her purse as Kelly does? Surely Miss Kopechne did not understand, as Kelly does, that the fatal party would take place at a cottage inhabited by a man and woman not married, and others of similar moral virtue. In fact, the Kennedy crowd rented the available cottage for the weekend.

What this novella does, devastatingly, is bring forth to us a fictional tragic heroine, make us feel that she was an actual person and not a mere bump in the history of the Kennedy family. "You were someone's little girl," she tells herself over and over again, recalling something her parents told her years ago.

But is this novella an allegory? That is to say, an allegory of liberalism in its decline? Every character here is a conventional liberal, talking incessantly about the Reagan "decade of greed." Kelly, The Senator, and all of their friends agree upon that. I have the sinking suspicion that Joyce Carol Oates thinks in those terms herself. But wait. As D. H. Lawrence said, believe the tale, not the teller. Joyce Carol Oates depicts the utter decadence of these characters, especially The Senator, but also Kelly.

This novella is a literary and moral event. □

LOOKING BACK

. . . And Feeling Runyonesque

SIDNEY ZION

Chang Park

AMBROSE HAMMER, the late Shakespearean scholar and Broadway drama critic, wrote a review some fifty-odd years ago that stands the test of time, I think you will agree:

"After Mansfield Sothern's performance of *Hamlet* at the Todd Theater last night, there need no longer be controversy as to the authorship of the immortal drama. All we need do is examine the graves of Shakespeare and Bacon, and the one that has turned over is it."

If you have never heard of Ambrose Hammer and are in any event skeptical that anybody but Shakespeare or maybe Bacon could write such a great line and surely not a drama critic, you are chugging along pretty good at that. For there was no Ambrose Hammer, and of course no drama critic in history was capable of such a great line as evidenced by the fact that no drama critic in history ever wrote it.

On the other hand, Shakespeare didn't write it, nor did Bacon, and maybe a guy didn't have to be as smart as either of them to write it. Or maybe he did. Anyway, it is 20–1 and out that you did not know this great line was written by Damon Runyon, unless you are a Runyon scholar, although it is a probable 12–7 that you guessed it from the headline.

By now, anybody who has seen a road show of *Guys and Dolls*, not to mention the great new Broadway production, will know that I am in a Runyon frame of mind, what with some of these notes I am playing around with such as "20–1 and out," etc. Of course, there are plenty of citizens who believe I am always in a Runyon frame of mind, but these citizens do not know Runyon. Things being how they are these days, with smoke fascism on the wing and wine instead of gin, anybody who knows the way to Gallagher's bar and has the phone number of a bookmaker qualifies as "Runyonesque."

But Mickey Cohen told me long ago, "Never knock your own game," especially when it means a few potatoes for the damper, which is at present emptier than John Gotti's .45. The truth is, I have been a devotee of Alfred Damon Runyon since high school.

Mr. Zion is the author of the novel Markers, *and writes a weekly column for the* New York Observer.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We used to play a game. What three things—a record, a movie, a book—would you take to a desert island?

I picked Louis and Ella, *Yankee Doodle Dandy*, and the stories of Damon Runyon.

I got no argument on Louis and Ella—these were the bright college years, before rock—and only a few raised eyebrows from *Casablanca* fans about *Yankee Doodle*. I love *Casablanca*, don't get me wrong, but all alone on a desert island I'd need a musical. When I said Runyon, I got the heat.

The received opinion in academia then was that Damon Runyon was fun, if you like that sort of thing, but be serious! You were supposed to get over that stuff in high school.

And this remains the received opinion. Bet me that Runyon is not on a single college reading list in the country. But I wouldn't take that bet, it would be grand larceny. Damon Runyon is out of print in the United States. In England, you can read him, they love him in sunny old England. But in America, no. Of course, our college professors never heard of Mickey Cohen, all we do here is knock our own game. How many years did it take for *Huckleberry Finn* to make the Harvard reading list?

Mark Twain would have seen Damon Runyon as his illegitimate son, and what other son would Mark Twain love? The Runyon tales, read front to back or vice versa, are the urban equivalent of *Huck Finn*, with Tom Sawyer as narrator.

As the guys and dolls at *The New York Review of Books* would say, permit me to explicate this thesis.

Runyon's people, from Big Jule the hit man to Nathan Detroit the entrepreneur of craps to the high roller Sky Masterson, are all doing the best they can, which is the best anybody can do if 9–5, not the odds but the hours, is what you will never do, God forbid.

They do not play hooky from school—what is school?—but from the System, and this of course is not just work, it is what comes from workaday, it is *why* you work. Which is to say dolls and what comes from dolls, which is to say children, which spells hostage if you are a guy who likes to get around and about and what good is a guy if he does not want to get around and about, just ask Huck Finn.

Pitfalls are everywhere, from the church to the law, but the only thing that can really get a guy under the thumb of the System is a doll. Love is the thing that can lick 'em, and Nathan Detroit was as much a victim as Antony.

Runyon has a story, "Barbecue," that I will put against Shakespeare anytime, and even against Genesis.

An old party named Greebins is stuffed into a bull-fiddle case by his young, ever-loving wife, Dimples, who wishes to bury him thus and use his money to support her busted-out lover, Juliano.

Saved by High-C Homer, and the Tom Sawyer narrator, who is always around and about, this old party Greebins refuses to confront Dimples, for she is "a nervous little thing," and he wishes only to get her back to home and hearth.

"Greebins," High-C Homer says, "do you mean to state that you will take her back after all this? Why?"

"I love her," Greebins says.

"Ah," Homer says. "I see your point."

And the professors choose Hemingway?

I got the horse right here. □

FILM

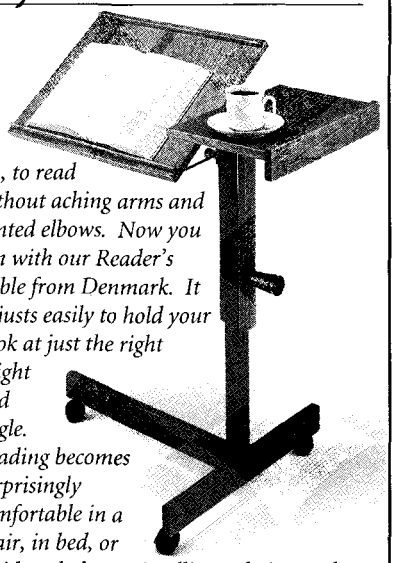
Lo, the Poor Indian!

JOHN SIMON

MICHAEL APTED, a deserving and accomplished Hollywood Brit, has now made a pair of films addressing the plight of the American Indian: the documentary ***Incident at Oglala*** and the feature film ***Thunderheart***. The former examines the killing of two Feds in a shootout on a reservation to which they tracked an Indian who had stolen a pair of boots. The latter is a fictionalized conflation of several violent incidents on various reservations during

Mr. Simon, NR's film critic, is also theater critic for New York *magazine.*

Lay Down Your Arms

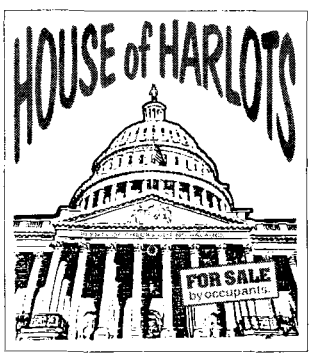


Ah, to read without aching arms and dented elbows. Now you can with our Reader's Table from Denmark. It adjusts easily to hold your book at just the right height and angle. Reading becomes surprisingly comfortable in a chair, in bed, or beside a desk. An intelligent design and a handsome piece of furniture in mahogany, teak, cherry, or black ash.

$199 + **$9.95** shipping via UPS ground
Assembly required—but worth it.
MC/VISA/AMEX/Check • Florida add 6%
Money-Back Guarantee • Catalog on Request
800-544-0880 or 407-276-4141

LEVENGER
TOOLS FOR SERIOUS READERS
975 S. Congress Ave., Code NART9, Delray, FL 33445

WEAR YOUR FRUSTRATION



Order your T-Shirt today!
All sizes available.
Red and black on white,
100% cotton,
quality guaranteed.
$14.00 each
Posters available, $8.00
Order by phone
1-203-357-9939
or send check or M.O. to:
Political Potpourri
2701 Summer Street
Stamford, CT 06905
Allow 4–6 weeks for delivery

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Seventies, generally involving clashes between conservative Indians and their native police, dedicated to maintaining the status quo, and radicalized Indians trying to improve their condition socially, politically, and economically.

As so often happens, the documentary treatment is more interesting than the fictional one. Not, surely, for so simple a reason as truth being often stranger than fiction. Stranger, in any case, need not be better; art, moreover, has every chance of moving us more deeply than a recitation, however skillfully marshaled, of bare facts. Let us look at the two films more closely.

Take, in *Thunderheart*, the two FBI men. Frank Coutrelle (Sam Shepard) is the experienced, wily one, duly laid back; Ray Levoi (Val Kilmer) is the young, gung-ho one, not happy about being one-quarter Indian, and having been picked for the job for that reason. The veteran and rookie law-enforcement team has become such a cinematic cliché as to make us cringe right away. Val Kilmer, moreover, though exhibiting the right surface stolidity, has trouble conveying inner turmoil, and Shepard, though seemingly irresistible to women of all ages, is not much of an actor. One can rationalize this as appropriate impassivity and callousness for the roles, but the discriminating viewer is entitled to something more.

Alan Nahigian

The story concerns the FBI investigation of a murder on a reservation, which is being simultaneously investigated by the tribal police officer Walter Crow Horse (Graham Greene). Involved somehow are the conservative Indians and their radical opponents, here called ARM (though the real-life acronym is, more pacifically, AIM). There is also a vestigial love story between Ray and a pretty Indian schoolteacher and activist, Maggie Eagle Bear (the appealing Shelia Tousey), a—get the joke?—Dartmouth graduate, which ends badly. And there is a great deal of examination of tribal customs and rituals, some of them with Crow Horse, some with the old Lakota Sioux chief played by Chief Ted Thin Elk, a spry, sly old fellow who is a powerful asset here.

But the two chief presences in the film are the land and the spirit of Wounded Knee—both the original massacre and the renewed fracas in the Seventies. The land, aside from being there, picturesquely and sometimes overpoweringly, is turned into a visual refrain: a racing, recurrent aerial shot of rugged South Dakota terrain rushing at us from the screen. Although there is something artificial about this device (and its counterpart that occurs in *Incident at Oglala*), it does remind us how immense and lonely the land is, and how great the injustice done to the Indians, whose penurious habitations barely interrupt the scrub and prairie Roger Deakins's camera keeps obsessively scanning.

Even more haunting is the ghost of Wounded Knee, which comes at Ray in a variety of ways, evoked with unaggressive insistence. Apted and his screenwriter, John Fusco, succeed in conveying an almost supernatural persistence of the past by mostly visual means; the best thing that can be said for James Horner's background score is that it doesn't distract or detract too much, which, in these dark days of American movie music, is a hefty compliment; loss and loneliness are at least not crowded out of the film.

Yet because of its very ambitiousness, its attempt to compress too much specific and general information into just under two hours, the film ends up too sweeping at the periphery and too frantic at the center. Perhaps the whodunit aspect interferes with the social criticism, perhaps the historical and ritualistic overtones do not quite harmonize with the more mundane aspects of the story; in any case, *Thunderheart* comes across more scattershot than unified and compact. On the other hand, it does awaken us to a world of which we know too little, and it introduces us to faces and personalities hard to forget. Thus John Trudell,

ANNOUNCING THE NEW

★ AMERICAN PATRIOTIC FRONT ★

Join the only group committed to keeping the U.S.A. on top. Our country must maintain its power and dominance. All other considerations are secondary. We proudly fan the flames of Patriotism in order to insure that:

- ★ After saving the world in the "American Century," the world will enjoy an "American Millennium."
- ★ Multinational corporations, the super rich, and big government in this country will serve the goals of national supremacy.
- ★ America will remain a technological and cultural mecca, leading the way to new frontiers in space, science, and individual freedom.
- ★ The "New World Order" envisioned by Trilateralists Bush and Clinton will not limit our country's power and independence.

Help us keep government officials, political parties, and big business under control and on the right track. Learn more and become an active member. In your heart you know your country needs you. Join our resurgent efforts now and be a charter year member! You will be a V.I.P. at history's greatest New Year's party *(you won't believe what is planned)* on Jan. 1, 2000.

$15 first year membership fee. Display your Charter Year Membership certificate and never miss our monthly newsletter. Send check or money order, along with address and phone number to **American Patriotic Front, 4028 NW 23, Oklahoma City, OK 73107**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

who appears only briefly as the murder suspect, nevertheless casts a baneful spell that becomes clear only after one sees *Incident at Oglala*.

The most compelling performance comes from Graham Greene as Walter Crow Horse. Laid back, skeptical, ironic, taunting, rational—all sorts of epithets apply to this character and this relaxed yet incisive way of acting, but the best thing is the wholeness of it (holistic acting?), whereby Walter is both Indian and American, having fused within himself the strengths of both traditions. It is a delightful lagniappe that this actor who is an American Indian should also bear the name of a distinguished English novelist, thus emblematizing the productive blending of literature and film, red man and white man, Britain, America, and the Pine Ridge Reservation, where the movie was shot.

What the film does not really get at, though, is the basic impasse in the Indian destiny. The reservation is in many respects a preservation of the old ways in their archetypal Indianness. But that society was a pre-industrial one, and to maintain it in our age spells financial ruin, and turns a place like Pine Ridge into a tragic, involuntary theme park. Yet the alternative of leaving the enclave means abandonment of the ancient traditions, diaspora, and dissolution. Either way, the Indian loses. Hence the unrest, the sense of defeat, the aura of the issueless futility of it all.

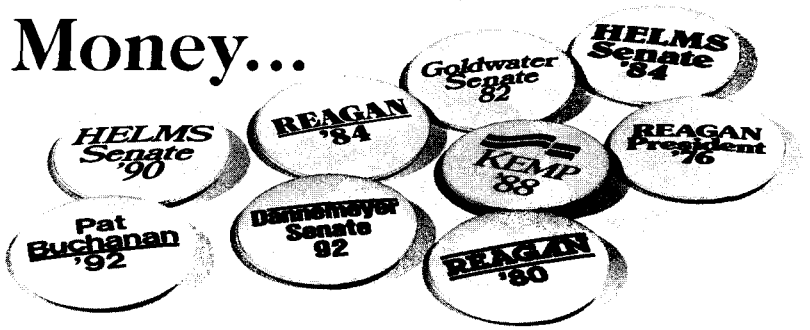
■ *Thunderheart* should probably be seen on the same day as *Incident at Oglala*, the documentary that illustrates with a specific instance the hopelessness of the Indian predicament. As already mentioned, the killing of the two FBI men is examined here by means of visual reconstruction (though not showing people), on-camera interviews, and narration by Robert Redford (though no writer is credited). Apted is also a well-known documentarist (*28-Up* and *35-Up*), and this film is clearly the second panel of a disturbing diptych.

The details of the Pine Ridge shootout of June 26, 1975, remain obscure despite—or because of—the trials that followed. Four men were indicted for the murders (one Indian also lost his life), but no case could be mounted against one of them, and two others were eventually acquitted because the jury found that they had fired in self-defense. That left the fourth man, Leonard Peltier, who had escaped to Canada, but was extradited on the basis of testimony later revealed to be perjured. In a new and more sanguinary trial, Peltier was found guilty, and has by now spent 16 years in prison, where a couple of attempts on his life were made, while his lawyers are still unsuccessfully struggling for another trial.

Properly, the film does not come flat out for Peltier as innocent, but it does make an awesome case for the tenuousness, the shadiness, the self-contradictions of the supposed evidence that convicted him, thus making retrial mandatory if any sort of law, logic, or mere humanity is to prevail. The 93-minute documentary holds you spellbound (as *Thunderheart*, for the most part, does not), and it does so by patiently marshaled, unrhetorical arguments that offer each viewer the chance to become sleuth, psychologist, trial lawyer, and judge. It also affords a picture of second-class citizenship in these United States guaranteed to cause indigestion or indignation.

The details of how agents Coler and Williams perished are horrifying. They were finally shot at close range with egregious brutality. Yet, step by step, the film shows us how uncertainty creeps into the findings against Peltier, and all the Indians interviewed comport themselves with great

When Conservative Candidates Need Money...



There's Only One Choice
BRUCE W. EBERLE & Associates, Inc.

"You have worked diligently for our cause, not only in our 1976 campaign, but also through your efforts to aid other Republican candidates and conservative organizations. All you have done has yielded considerable progress toward realizing the ideals you and I share."

Ronald Reagan

"I do want you to know that I have high regard for the professional expertise of you and your staff. Thank you for a job well done."

Jesse Helms

Bruce W. Eberle & Assoc. Inc.

Creative Excellence Since 1974

8245 Boone Blvd., Suite 700, Vienna, VA 22182
703-821-1550 FAX 703-821-0920

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dignity and lucidity, their initial unself-serving reluctance to be interviewed further speaking in their favor. It was very hard for Redford, who coproduced the movie with Arthur Chobanian, to get past FBI and governmental stonewalling—or, as Redford puts it, "We came to find out that the Freedom of Information Act is amendable by semantics." But after six months' persistence and the acquisition of press credentials from the BBC, a prison interview with Peltier became possible, and finally even some U.S. Attorneys, defense attorneys, and judges consented to interviews.

Here, too, is John Trudell, a former AIM spokesman, from whose face and voice, unlike from Peltier's, bitterness oozes. Now we find out why: Immediately after a 1979 anti-FBI speech of his, his house burned down with his wife, three children, and mother-in-law in it. His remark to the camera is heartbreaking: "All I did was talk, and they came down hard, even for that." Even if that fire was not set by the FBI or its allies, the tribal leader Richard Wilson and his vigilantes, the GOON squad (GOON standing, ironically, for Guardians of the Oglala Nation), determined to eliminate AIM, there are other, even greater, fires that they, surely, are fanning. (In *Thunderheart*, Wilson is portrayed as Jack Milton by Fred Ward, a fine actor likewise of Indian descent.)

There is one aspect of Peltier's story that does stretch credulity; if true, as it just barely might be, it makes the man into a saint and martyr. But even as a mere man, he deserves another trial. And, however hopeless, the whole Indian problem needs reconsideration. The goddess Justice can perhaps afford to wear a blindfold; the rest of us, as the film makes clear, cannot.

■ Jim Jarmusch, the New York underground filmmaker, has been turning out silly, sloppy, self-indulgent movies much enjoyed by critics and audiences, but of no discernible quality or interest to me. His latest is ***Night on Earth***, five anecdotes involving cabbies and their nighttime fares in five successive cities: Los Angeles, New York, Paris, Rome, and Helsinki. The vignettes did not have to take place in those locales, but Jarmusch was clearly looking for excuses to film in certain places and with certain actors that appealed to him.

We get some trivial tales of no special insight or credibility—or even humor. Except for the fourth one, in which the maniacal Roberto Benigni (who histrionically hyperventilated all over Jarmusch's *Down by Law*) plays a loquacious Roman cabbie who picks up an unsuspecting priest and forces upon him an absurd but probably true confession of sexual sins involving in turn a vegetable, an animal, and a sister-in-law. Even though this is not much more than an extended dirty joke, it is funny thanks to the manic brio of Benigni and the hilariously near-wordless shock of Paolo Bonacelli as the priest. The question is merely whether it is funny enough to justify sitting through the four other episodes. □

Catholic-bashing: liberal bigotry for the 90's?

Gone are the days when Catholic-bashers warned of Romish plots and the perils of popery. Today we hear that the Church's teachings are undemocratic, authoritarian, and anti-woman—and the charge is being voiced in the up-scale media, in public debate, and in our universities.

But who is being illiberal—the Church or its critics? Get a different view in the June COMMENTARY.

Call today to get your free sample issue and start a trial subscription!

Commentary
165 East 56th St, NY NY 10022
1-800-829-6270

ART

Schlock on the Block

JAMES GARDNER

HOW MANY of those zoot-suited collectors, how many of those bejeweled and ermined divas who attended the contemporary-art sale at Christie's on the evening of May 5, ever realized they were in violation of the law? Quite aside from the people watching on television monitors in the side rooms, quite aside from collectors relaying their bids via telephone from Europe and Asia, whatever the legal capacity of the main auction hall might have been, the standing-room-only crowd had clearly exceeded it.

Not everyone had come to bid, but everyone had come on serious business. In the Republic of Art this was the equivalent of a joint session of Congress. The contemporary market had been read the riot act at last November's sales, which, it was feared, had finally put paid to the floating opera of the Eighties. Reputations once inviolable had been battered, and it was anyone's guess, on this May evening, just what would happen next. Would this sale and the one at Sotheby's the next evening confirm last autumn's dismal downturn, or, to invoke the cliché of choice, had the market finally "turned the corner"?

Little was left to chance. The hammer was entrusted to the very British Christie's CEO, Christopher Burge, the soft-spoken, unflappable John Major of the art world. The decision to begin with 24 works from the prestigious collection of Fredrik Roos, the late Swedish collector, put on the line some of the biggest reputations in contemporary art: Gerhard Richter, Anselm Kiefer, Julian Schnabel, Jeff Koons, and Jean-Michel Basquiat. It was an inspired move. From the start, the bidding was swift and energetic, rising of its own giddy momentum by $10,000 increments, with virtually no prodding from the auctioneer. All at once we were hearing "a collective sigh of relief," coupled with a mounting lightheadedness—the feeling that maybe, just maybe, happy days were here again. Four paintings in a row, each

Mr. Gardner writes about art for NR *and other publications.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

selling for $200,000 or more, overtopped their high estimates. Robert Gober's gutted sink, shorn of faucets and drain, fetched $110,000. Anselm Kiefer's straw and caked mud on canvas got $628,000, a record for that artist at auction.

A giggle began to fill the room with the crying of Lot 8a, Jeff Koons's *Stacked*, a massive, ugly porcelain sow, surmounted by a goat, a beagle and Tweetie Bird. This grew into outright laughter when the same artist's *3 Ball Total Equilibrium* came on the block, with its three perfectly good basketballs floating in a tank of purified water. For a moment one was naïve enough to hope that this laughter was at the expense of Mr. Koons. It was not. Through the gentlest self-mockery, the art world seemed slightly bemused that it should take this legendary bad boy as seriously as it persists in doing. Once the giggling stopped, however, the two things had gone, respectively, for $160,000 and $120,000, which seemed like modest sums considering that Mr. Koons is, by his own admission, "the world's greatest artist."

Not all the works sold so easily. In the second part of the evening a number of them failed to sell at all. And the great hope of the auction, Andy Warhol's painting *210 Coca-Cola Bottles*, fetched a niggardly $1,900,000, rather below its low estimate.

Still, it could have gone much, much worse. It could have gone as badly, for example, as things seemed to go at Sotheby's the next evening. This reporter took it as a bad omen when, outside the auction house's York Avenue premises, he saw a dog befouling one of the Bruce Nauman sculptures that was soon to go on sale, but that had been too big to store inside the building. As it turned out, John Marion, the portly and elegant dean of American auctioneers, had to earn his keep, as he struggled to extract bids from an ornery audience. Already after the first two lots failed to sell, people were grumbling. Occasionally a note of peevishness entered Marion's voice as well, as he tried with very limited succes to cajole the reluctant bidders. On one occasion he sounded like Mr. Rogers talking to pre-schoolers. "Can you say $220,000?" he asked one bidder. The bidder could not, and the work in question failed to sell. Twelve lots had come and gone before one of them, a particularly fine Hans Hofmann from the early Sixties, succeeded in reaching its low estimate of $400,000. Soon things started to pick up a little. *Bob's World*, a really lousy painting by Julian Schnabel, went for almost $300,000. Malcolm Morley's thoroughly moronic *Vermeer: Portrait of the Artist in His Studio*, a nearly exact if hamhanded replica of Vermeer's great painting, went down for $570,000 amid a flutter of applause. Given the expectations, however, the $1.5 million that dealer Larry Gagosian paid for a classic Cy Twombly was seen as disappointing.

But by the time the sales were over Christie's had raked in $11.2 million and Sotheby's $12.3 million, which, really, was not at all bad for two nights' work. Had any important lessons been learnt? According to Christopher Burge, "We have arrived at a point where we can estimate [contemporary art] properly." What he meant was that, after all the hype and the euphoria of the past few years, we were now finally in a position to focus on the true worth of contemporary art. And according to informed consensus, the two sales proved that, unlike the Eighties, in which you seemed to be able to sell anything to anyone, in today's more austere climate quality sold well and middling works did not. It's a nice thought, and it would be even nicer if true. But in what sense can Jeff Koons's three basketballs floating in a tank of water be called quality? What Mr. Burge really meant to say is that these are quintessentially Jeff Koons, and are, in some circles, famous, which is quite another thing from saying that they are actually good. In the art world, people have fallen into the bad habit of speaking of the Eighties as though it had all passed into history a generation ago. In fact, the jury is still out on that goofy decade. And as these two sales revealed, it is far from over. □

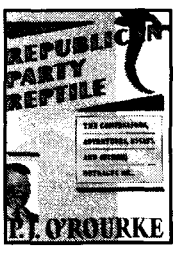
BOOKS IN BRIEF

Jazz, by Toni Morrison (Knopf, 229 pp., $26)

THE novels of Toni Morrison tend to be curious amalgams of conflicting sights, sounds, and feelings—the beautiful and the ugly, tender and cruel, bitter and sweet—which in her gifted hands (*Song of Solomon*, *Tar Baby*, less so in *Beloved*) take on the quality of a spell. Here, in the Jazz Age Harlem of 1926, Joe and Violet Trace struggle to make a living. In their forties, drawn to "The City" by stories of the good life, they are barely one step removed from near-slavery in the cotton fields of rural Virginia. He is honest and dependable, she a decent woman of erratic mood, and they cope well enough until his infatuation with and subsequent murder of a girl of 18. Set against a background of rent par-

Free Catalog
Bargain Books
Save up to 80% on recent overstocks, remainders, imports and reprints from all major publishers. Choose from up to 8,000 titles including 600-1,500 new arrivals each month! Politics, History, Biography, Science, Fiction, Business, Gardening—something for everyone. An immense selection and with more books at $1.95, $2.95, $3.95 than you'll find anywhere else. Fast shipment, moneyback guarantee. Write for free Catalog:
HAMILTON
Box 15-673, Falls Village CT 06031

Nicola Paone
ITALIAN RESTAURANT
Serving Lunch & Dinner
A Perfect Place for Parties
207 East 34th Street, New York
(212) 889-3239

AUDIO BOOKS


- On Cassettes
- Unabridged Recordings
- Purchase or Rent
- Over 400 Titles
- Professionally Narrated

BLACKSTONE AUDIO BOOKS
P.O. Box 969 Ashland, OR 97520
For a FREE Catalogue Call:
1-800-729-2665

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Finally . . . A Place Where *You* Can Feel *Right* at Home

Finding it tougher and tougher to get the conservative point of view? Then why not try the new *TOWN HALL*—America's only conservative interactive computer network. A joint project of *National Review* and The Heritage Foundation, *TOWN HALL* gives you instant, 24-hour access to that hard-to-find conservative viewpoint, and round-the-clock live contact with fellow conservatives—right from your home or office.

TOWN HALL's easy-to-use system (the sole technical "skill" required is turning on your computer!) gives conservatives a variety of new and advanced ways to interact and "network":

- **Meeting Place**, where *TOWN HALL* members swap ideas and respond to messages on America's liveliest "bulletin board."
- **Washington Report**, the daily newswire on "Inside the Beltway" happenings—written from a conservative perspective.
- **Conference Center**, where conservatives can hang out and chat—live.
- Plus *TOWN HALL* lets you read *National Review* and *Policy Review* online, poll your fellow conservatives in the **Voting Booth**, announce events in the **Conservative Calendar**, send "electronic mail" at the **Post Office**, and improve your vocabulary with Bill Buckley's **Word of the Day**. There's even a **Groups and Clubs** section for conservative organizations.

And come July 1, *TOWN HALL* will be new and improved: with jazzier graphics, and even more to offer, like an updated **FAX** service and an enhanced **News Desk**. It's all part of our effort to make *TOWN HALL*'s environs more comfortable and user-friendly.

Take an Online Tour Today.

Just dial 1-800-648-6964 via modem. (Hit <RETURN> key at connect signal.) Or call TOWN HALL Member Services at 1-800-441-4142 for more information.

TOWN HALL
The Conservative Meeting Place

A project of *National Review* and The Heritage Foundation

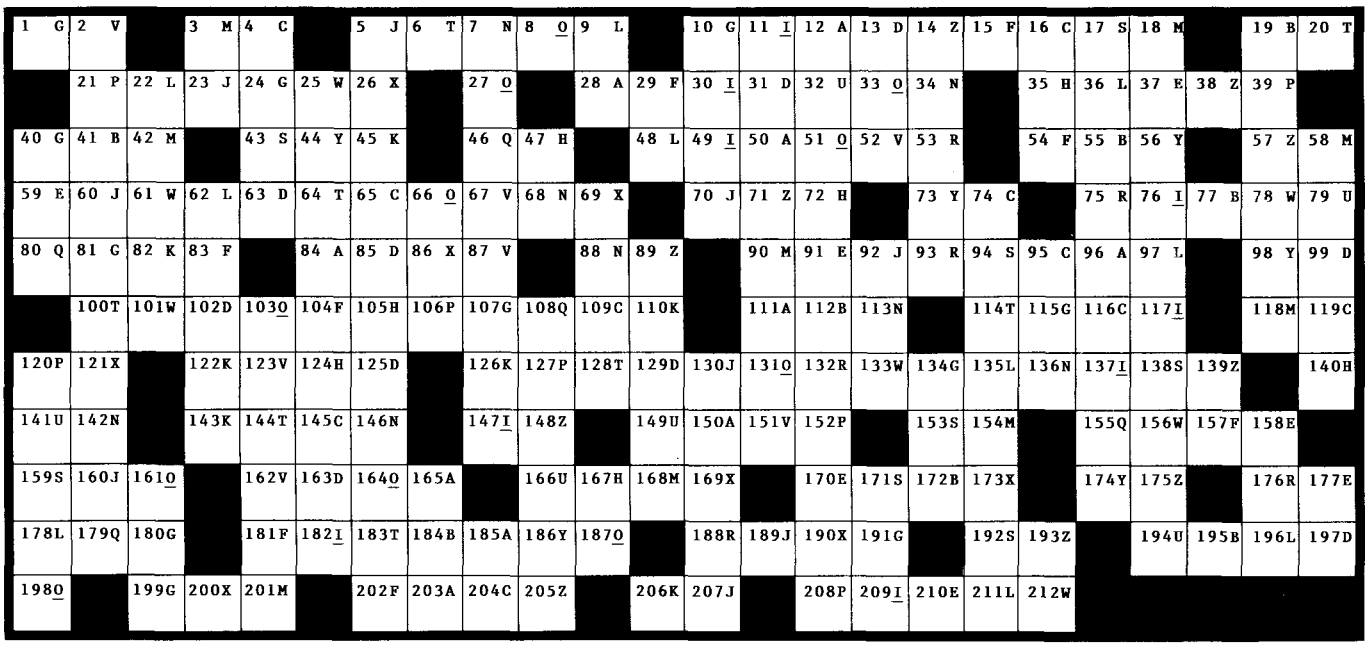
ties, young studs on street corners, and musicians rehearsing on rooftops, this delicate and poignant story is a telling reminder of the precarious nature of black urban life even in the best of times, of the fine line between normal life and catastrophe in an environment where, as one character says, "Laughter is more serious than tears." —TONY OUTHWAITE

Talents and Technicians: Literary Chic and the New Assembly-Line Fiction, by John W. Aldridge (Scribner's, 162 pp., $18)

IN arguing that today's fashionable young fiction writers—many of them products of creative-writing programs—are producing technically superb but substantially empty novels and stories, John W. Aldridge, a professor at the University of Michigan, plows tilled ground. But Mr. Aldridge's focused critiques of the likes of Ann Beattie, Amy Hempel (an "extreme case of chronic minimalist constipation"), Bobbie Ann Mason, Louise Erdrich, T. Coraghessan Boyle, Bret Easton Ellis, Jay McInerney, and others are so entertaining, erudite, and authoritative that they make the subject worth considering yet again. The book is a thoughtful appraisal of a generation of American writers. Mr. Aldridge's pithy assessments, such as that "the majority of newer writers . . . tend to insist that nothing is worthy of insistence," and that they "tend to write about situations that often seem weighty with portent, that almost visibly ache for release into climax or revelation, but then over and over again fail to achieve it," serve only to preface the many textual examples he adduces. He finds that "their kind of fiction . . . resembles very closely the still life in painting and those mechanical exercises pianists perform in order to improve their digital dexterity." In looking for the cause of the problem, Mr. Aldridge points to, among other things, the workshop method of "teaching" fiction-writing (as if that art could be taught like any professional trade), to the desire among writers for fame rather than accomplishment, and to the fact that many writers seem to have no sense of their relationship to literary antecedents, having apparently read, as he says, too few books that are not their own. —MARK MILLER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRANS-O-GRAM / Kem Putney



DEFINITIONS

A. Saccharine term of endearment — 28 111 165 185 50 203 150 84 12 96

B. Urban vessel? — 19 55 184 41 172 112 195 77

C. Indiana city on Ohio River — 74 119 204 109 65 16 95 145 116 4

D. The folks who watch *Firing Line*, e.g. — 102 163 125 85 63 99 13 197 31 129

E. Give the authority — 91 170 59 210 158 37 177

F. Windbag's relative — 181 15 29 202 54 157 104 83

G. Disgraceful act — 40 134 10 107 115 180 199 191 1 24

H. Enabling knowledge and skill — 124 72 105 35 167 47 140 81

I. Weapon of choice in Camelot — 182 76 30 49 117 137 147 11 209

J. Swiss psychiatrist with a blot on his name — 92 130 60 207 70 160 5 23 189

K. Avian sound — 122 143 206 110 45 82 126

L. Muggers of times past — 62 135 196 36 9 178 97 48 22 211

M. Make-up material — 118 42 58 18 90 168 201 154 3

N. A Southern pine — 136 142 88 146 113 68 7 34

O. Failure to heed — 66 187 27 51 33 161 164 198 103 8

P. Among—to a lesser degree — 21 120 152 208 127 39 106 131

Q. Louisiana governor, to his friends — 108 155 179 80 46

R. Emulates Liz Taylor and/or Richard Burton — 53 75 188 93 176 132

S. Disposition — 43 153 159 192 138 171 94 17

T. Industrial city in Maine — 6 100 114 144 128 183 20 64

U. Horse's sweat after a stiff gallop — 149 79 166 141 32 194

V. Utterably — 52 151 2 123 67 162 87

W. Mischievous little devil — 212 156 61 25 78 133 101

X. Aardvark, et al. — 86 200 173 69 190 169 26 121

Y. Haunted-house necessity — 44 98 174 56 186 73

Z. 1991 — 139 148 193 205 175 57 89 14 71 38

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram. JONATHAN YARDLEY—*Media Excess Again*: The fight against AIDS will in no way be hastened or strengthened by the exposure to which Ashe has been subjected, unless you really believe that sentimental news stories and feel-good talk-show bathos are the keys to the cure for AIDS.

For a 34-puzzle collection of Trans-O-Gram, send $5.95 (plus $1 S&H) to: T-Gram Plus, 3279 Lake Powell, Williamsburg, Virginia 23185.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Business Opportunities

HELP! NEED LEADERS for marketing national consumer-savings network endorsed by Dr. Pat Robertson. 800-377-3227.

BECOME a real-estate appraiser. Home study. Earn professional designation. Free literature. 800-362-7070. Dept. RG173.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY. Guaranteed success. $219 investment. Call for details ($2 per minute). 900-988-9896, Ext. 297. AROZ: Tacoma, Washington.

Clinical Services

SPASMODIC TORTICOLLIS recovery clinic. 3716 Old Santa Fe Trail, Santa Fe, N.M. 87505.

Professional Services

CONSULTING EPISTEMOLOGIST, M.D., Ph.D. (philosophy), author. Clinical strategies for self-inflicted dysphorias (or dysfunctions). One-hour telephone sessions available. 800-995-1492.

"IT IS QUALITY rather than quantity that really matters."—Seneca. Fuller and D'Angelo, P.C., Architects & Planners, 595 West Hartsdale Avenue, White Plains, N.Y. 10607-1894.

ART DIRECTOR with Macintosh. Conservatives—$55 per hour. Republicans—$65. Liberals—$75. 212-861-4496.

Situations Available

PUBLIC POLICY FELLOWSHIP with conservative Midwestern think tank. Graduate degree and public-policy experience required. Macintosh knowledge a plus. Full-or part-time opportunities for one to two Years. Compensation negotiable. Send résumé & recommendations to: P. O. Box 71261, Shorewood, Wisc. 53211.

Educational Opportunities

LEARN PERSONAL COMPUTERS. Become an expert. Approved home study. Free career literature. 800-362-7070. Dept. KG173.

BECOME A PARALEGAL. Work with attorneys. Lawyer-instructed home study. Free catalogue, 800-362-7070. Dept. LG173.

UNIVERSITY DEGREES without classes! Accredited bachelor's, master's, doctorates. Free revealing facts. Thorson-NR, P. O. Box 470886, Tulsa, Okla. 74147.

Personal

CONSERVATIVE CHRISTIAN SINGLE mom, 33, hardworking, from Vermont dairy-farm community, seeks godly family man to re-establish a Christian home. NR Box 2121.

SPIRITED, EASYGOING, MID-40s man, romantic, stable, intelligent, good-humored. Seeks sincere romantic lady (un-modern), 30–40, willing to relocate South. Interests include: art, cooking, literature, classical music, antiques, animals. Sharing of hearts, memories, fidelity, friendship, love of beauty more important than money. NR Box 2119.

TALL, SHY, SOUTHERN lady academic, under 30, seeks brilliant but unassuming gent to share interest in Western literature and languages, travel and cooking. NR Box 2118.

MEET WOMEN WORLDWIDE. Free 32-page photo catalogue! America's most respected correspondence service since 1974. Cherry Blossoms, 190NR Rainbow Ridge, Kapaau, Hawaii 96755. 808-961-2114.

RUSSIA, SCANDINAVIA, Great Britain, Poland, etc. Worldwide correspondence between professional men, women seeking friendship, marriage. Scanna Int'l (Since 1980), P. O. Box 4-NR, Pittsford, N.Y. 14534. 800-677-3170.

PENFRIENDS, ENGLAND–U.S.A. Make lasting friendships. Send age, interests. Free reply. Harmony, P. O. Box 82295NR, Phoenix, Ariz. 85071.

JAPANESE, ASIAN, EUROPEAN friendship! Inter-Pacific, P. O. Box 304-N, Birmingham, Mich. 48012.

ASIAN PENFRIENDS! Sunshine International Correspondence, P. O. Box 5500-FH, Kailua-Kona, Hawaii 96745. 808-325-7707.

Recipes

DELIGHTFULLY PEACHY DESSERT recipe. Send $2 (plus S.A.S.E.) to NR Box 2114.

For Sale

Ambassador Lapel Flags®
Your Logo with any 2-flag mix
• **24K Gold** finished • Full colors
• 100% U.S.A.-made
We'll custom-make any emblem for you!
Delivery: 14 business days. Worldwide.
TME Co., Inc. 101 Bel Air Drive
New Milford, CT 06776, U.S.A.
(800) 535-5255 • Fax (203) 354-2786

U.S. FLAGS—sewn, embroidered, heavy outdoor nylon. 3′ × 5′ regularly $31, *National Review* special, $21. Other sizes available. 800-441-3524 (FLAG).

WATCH REPLICAS. Lowest prices! Warranty. Exact color. 18-kt goldplated. 404-963-3872.

Literary

WANTED: Struggling non-subsidy publisher needing cash enough to publish my mystery (if acceptable) for subsidy. NR Box 2120.

HARVARD CONSERVATIVES report biweekly on campus Left. Subscription $20. *The Harvard Salient*, P. O. Box 1053, Cambridge, Mass. 02238. 617-496-5674.

"How to Stay Out of the Hospital" Now in Paperback for Only $12.00

HOW TO AVOID SURGERY FOR RECTAL, HERNIA AND PROSTATE PROBLEMS

I have kept over 9,000 people out of the hospital in the past thirty-seven years.

Send SASE to Dr. N. Boyd care of the Boyd Clinic, Loganville, Pa. 17342, for names and addresses of these grateful citizens. FREE information on request, call (717) 428-2436.

My total fee costs less than 20% of the bill if these patients had gone to the hospital. In 9,000 cases not a single major bad side effect from my treatment.

HOW TO STAY OUT OF THE HOSPITAL
HOW TO AVOID SURGERY FOR RECTAL, HERNIA & PROSTATE PROBLEMS.

SUBSIDY PUBLISHER SEEKS MANUSCRIPTS, all types/subjects. Call free 800-695-9599.

GOOD USED BOOKS—wide variety, intelligent selection. Libraries buy regularly; you can too. History, fiction, social science, literature, miscellaneous subjects. Send $2 for listings of 25,000 titles and prices. Editions, Desk NR, Boiceville, N.Y. 12412.

BEST OF THE NR Trans-O-Grams. 32 from 1984-86, plus 2 new ones! $6.95. T-Grams-Plus, 3279 Lake Powell, Williamsburg, Va. 23185.

CLASSIFIED INFORMATION

Rates: $3.00 per word (10-word minimum). Phone number, zip code, all permitted abbreviations (P. O. Box, S.A.S.E., etc.) count as one word.

Frequency Discounts: 4 insertions, $2.75 per word; 6 insertions, $2.50 per word; 8 or more insertions, $2.25 per word.

NR Box Numbers: $10 additional. Responses forwarded by 1st-class mail. Address responses: c/o Tony Savage, *National Review*, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.

Display Ads: 1 column inch, $125; 2 inches, $250; 3 inches, $350. Frequency discounts available. Trim sizes are 1, 2, or 3 inches high, 2¼ inches wide. Camera-ready art must be provided. Rates apply to the Classified section only.

Restrictions: NR may reject any copy deemed unsuitable for whatever reason, without comment. No agency discounts.

To Order: Full payment in advance by check, money order, MasterCard, or Visa (include expiration date). Address: Tony Savage, *National Review*, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OLD BOOKSCOUT locates out-of-print books. Write "Greenmantle," P. O. Box 1777NR, Culpepper, Va. 22701.

WRITER, 25, SEEKS AGENT or publisher believing in uniqueness as antidote, not poison. Completed novel in three stories, short-story collection, other works, more to come. Literary but humanistic; contemporary with a soul of vision. NR Box 2115.

T-Shirts & Bumper Stickers

TEE SHIRT
Hanes ™
100% Cotton
6 Color
Cartoon
M, L, XL
Red, white,
blue
Made in U.S.A.
$14 plus $2 s&h
CA residents -
Add $1.16 CA tax

A. M. Graham, 27911 Industrial Bl. # 128
Hayward, CA 94545

Yikes...it's MUSOBIA!

MUSOBIAN'S are the people you love to hate. Like the face staring at you from stage right: *Bureaucratus Rectalis.* $15 brings him to you in full view and livid color on the back of our 100% Cotton Tee along with his outrageous story. NUKE MUSOBIA™ logo printed on left chest. This has to be the funniest political shirt anywhere, so catch the wave! © 1992 The Bottom Line, Inc. 107 Mills Ave., Greenville, SC 29605 803-233-1930 Fax: 232-4155

NUKE MUSOBIA™
The Most Useless SOB's In America™

PAVE THE RAIN FOREST! or PILLORY HILLARY. Quality American T-shirts. Only $14.95 each, or $27 for both. Specify size. McNally Enterprises, P. O. Box 691, Kenilworth, N.J. 07033

Financial

LET THE GOVERNMENT finance your small business. Grants/loans to $500,000. Free recorded message: 707-448-0270 (KH7).

10% INTEREST on ten-year first mortgages. Want to borrow $130,000 on five-year-old units, 2 singles, 2 duplexes, bank appraisals $320,000. Call 800-643-6512.

Real Estate

YELLOWSTONE PARK. Second home on the river? Still possible. Unique, small colony. Blue-ribbon fishing, hunting, winter sports. Jan Cole, 702-256-9586.

MUST SUBLET DOWNTOWN D.C. office pronto. Conference room, 4 offices, reception area. Rent includes phones, fax, copier, TV, PCs, furnishings. Call 212-679-7330 (ext. 232).

Computers

APPLE II. Find out why you should own one. Already own one? Write for support information. The Alliance, P. O. Box 20756, Louisville, Ky. 40250.

Organizations

RUSH LIMBAUGH FAN CLUB. Carry the Rush card! Membership/newsletters $10. 197 West Utica Street, Buffalo, N.Y. 14222

Situations Wanted

CONSERVATIVE VALUES. 20 years' experience with premier law-enforcement service, including anti-terrorism. Last eight years in Europe. Management, educational, and public-relations skills; looking to private sector but open to all possibilities. Worldwide contacts. NR Box 2112.

Hotels

NEW YORK CITY
THE BEDFORD HOTEL
118 East 40th Street,
New York, N.Y. 10016
(Between Park and Lexington Ave.'s)
Here is the "great small hotel" you look for in a big city . . . beautifully decorated rooms and suites and friendly attentive service combine to offer you total comfort at an ideal mid-Manhattan location.
Fully equipped kitchenettes are available.
Rooms from $139.00 per day
Suites from $175.00 per day
Reservations: 800-221-6881 (USA & Canada)
FAX (212) 697-1093
Restaurant — Cocktail Lounge

BANDOW
(Continued from page 46)

down the Fund over the choice of a negotiator), decades' worth of credit for Zaire, and so on?

Statist Subsidies. However sensible the IMF's conditions, they mean little when a nation's overall policy climate is badly askew. Indeed, John Williamson has defended the IMF against criticism that it is too market-oriented:

> It has also been charged that the Fund is biased against socialism . . . . What is surely true is that the Fund does not refuse to provide financial assistance to members with left-wing governments. On the contrary, [in late 1989] some 16.5 per cent of the IMF credit was directed to the six Communist member countries (China, Kampuchea, Laos, Rumania, Vietnam, and Yugoslavia . . .) and Michael Manley's Jamaica was at one stage the heaviest *per capita* borrower from the Fund. . . . Moreover, the Fund continued to give the Allende government the benefit of the doubt in drawing from the compensatory financing facility.

Yet how is a country with statist policies going to achieve self-sustaining economic growth? The largest Third World borrowers between 1947 and 1987 were India, Brazil, Argentina, Mexico, and Yugoslavia, all of which relied on *dirigiste* economic practices despite the Fund's loan conditions. In an assessment of lending to Communist states, Valeria Assetto writes that "Rumania's economic reforms were superficial and actually worked to increase the power of the state. . . . Fund and [World] Bank support of the Rumanian development effort continued throughout this period." At times it appears that the more perverse the policies the more generous the IMF.

Reduced pressure to reform. Countries such as Bangladesh, China, Mexico, Tanzania, and Vietnam have all moved unsteadily toward more market-oriented policies because they have felt the consequences of disastrous economic failure. For years they operated money-losing enterprises and had bloated public bureaucracies, but the economic Ponzi scheme finally crashed. Naturally, the IMF claims credit for today's reforms. But the real question is: Has the IMF advanced or retarded the adoption of reforms by borrowing states?

In fact, loans can undermine reform by reducing the pain caused by politically popular but economically harmful policies. For years foreign money has helped push off the borrowers' days of reckoning. Economic reform is, of course, often painful, but it is also unavoidable. More loans and aid today, by reducing the pain of continuing bad policies, will only further retard the adjustment process.

Nevertheless, Michel Camdessus insists that expanding his organization's budget is the most effective way for the rich Western nations to help the world's poor. But the poor are rarely in attendance at the lavish receptions that mark the annual World Bank–IMF meetings.

What the world's poor really need is an end to governments that strangle and loot their economies. Unfortunately, as long as the IMF helps fund regimes that are responsible for impoverishing their people, it will remain a large part of the problem. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Breakfast With Gorbachev

NEW YORK, MAY 13

When he arrived at the little dining room at the Waldorf, fashionably late, it was with only a half-dozen security agents. It's hard to think of anyone who would want to shoot Mikhail Gorbachev these days, except perhaps a widow or an orphan of a Soviet soldier killed in Afghanistan after Gorbachev came to power in 1985, before the Soviet retreat in 1989. Or perhaps a descendant of Winston Churchill infuriated by Gorbachev's remarks at Fulton, Missouri.

One's feeling about massive historical figures is that one should let go the darker pages of their history. It is a publishable event that Martin Luther King Jr. spent night after Arabian night in motel rooms, and that he stole another man's dissertation and made it his own: but his historical place overwhelms these data, even as the petulance of de Gaulle seems less and less relevant. What is undeniably true about Gorbachev is that *whatever his motives* he presided over the liquidation of the Soviet empire and the death of dogmatic Communism. Some make the point that he'd have done quite other things had he had the power to do so; that the economic disintegration of his sometime empire is substantially owing to his conduct during his last three years in office; that as a young man he sought out a profession (law) associated primarily with the KGB and with prosecution—all of this is there. But he is still: the man who gave orders inside the Kremlin when the Kremlin voted its own dissolution.

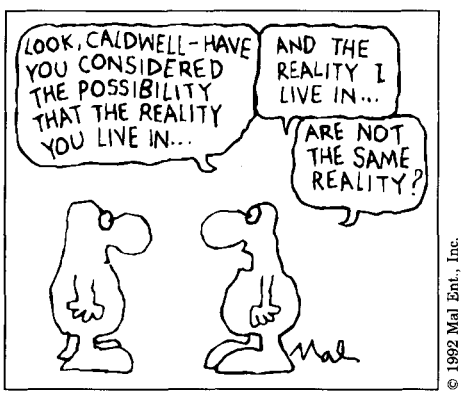
As such he has been received, and was given at the breakfast a warm introduction by Henry Kissinger, our host. Dr. Kissinger has an eye for historical events and when in introducing Gorbachev he said that "the world will never be the same again," he was profoundly correct.

Did Mr. Gorbachev have anything noteworthy to communicate to fifty tycoons and selected intellectuals and journalists? Not really. There was a pestiferous problem, namely that the translator spoke his English eight inches from the microphone, while Gorbachev spoke his Russian two inches from the microphone, and since it was done as simultaneous translation, many walked away with only fragments of English in the memory, laced with grunts and groans in Russian we did not understand. Mr. Gorbachev began as one would expect someone on his mission to do. (His mission is to keep his name in the news and to raise money for a "foundation" to advance genial ideas for the benefit of mankind.) He recognizes the great eminence of his audience. He believes that the time has come to think both politically and analytically. A nice crack about how he got to Tiananmen Square just about when the action started there, and here he was, arriving in Los Angeles at just about the time the action started there.

And then the question period.

Mr. William Hyland is the editor of *Foreign Affairs*, the most prestigious U.S. journal dealing with foreign policy. "I read that at Fulton, you alleged that the United States was responsible for starting the arms race and that we overemphasized the aggressiveness of Stalin. Most of these points are rather startling to an American audience."

When Gorbachev accepted the invitation to go to Fulton 46 years after Winston Churchill baptized the Iron Curtain, certain things were absolutely predictable, among them that Mr. Gorbachev doesn't intend to return to Russia having indicted the historical performance of his country over a half-century. So he pulled out the line we had become familiar with. . . . At the end of the Second World War, it was the Soviet Union's belief that socialism could be brought to the world at large. Well, we were wrong, it couldn't be. But in overreaction to our efforts to do so, you Americans began an arms race that simply required us to react defensively. The world became divided into two camps, and both our countries missed out on great historical opportunities. . . . His speech might have been given at a rally for Henry Wallace for President in 1948.


LOOK, CALDWELL - HAVE YOU CONSIDERED THE POSSIBILITY THAT THE REALITY YOU LIVE IN...
AND THE REALITY I LIVE IN...
ARE NOT THE SAME REALITY?
Mal
© 1992 Mal Ent., Inc.

But it was so-what time in respect of a history that is immovable on the matter of which of the two camps pitched half of Europe into darkness for forty years, and tried to intimidate the rest of the world. Gorbachev is here to tell us about all the pleasant prospects that lie before us, if only we cooperate, help the Russian commonwealth get back on its feet, and so on and so forth, as they used to say at the United Nations, when giving speeches nobody was listening to. He exudes a considerable animal strength, and he will be around, in whatever capacity, and it is a good idea to give him a good breakfast and a few million dollars, and to fly him about the world in a ship labeled *Capitalist Tool*. □

A Policeman's View

NEW YORK, MAY 8

Things are getting hot outside South-Central Los Angeles. We have a very bright and conscientious Attorney General, Mr. William Barr, who two days ago said the Great Society was substantially responsible for the deteriorations that gave rise to the riots in Los Angeles. To this remark we heard from Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan in language he'd have hesitated to use against the Soviet ambassador back in 1975 at the UN. The Attorney General's statement, he said on the Senate floor, is "one of the most depraved statements I have ever heard from an American official . . . [It is] an untruth, a lie."

Senator Moynihan recently wrote a long essay in which he spoke dolefully of the huge increase in the rate of illegitimate births during the past twenty years—during the years since the Great Society was born. He spoke of that social development as perhaps the greatest problem facing us. It is fair to ask, Is there a relationship between the Great Society and the deteriorations we now speak of? The Great Society is associated with permissiveness, with the relaxation of standards. It is associated by responsi-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ble men, including Mr. Barr, with the deterioration of personal responsibility.

Here is an eloquent letter from a stranger, a policeman who happened to pick up a book I wrote about my experiences in running for mayor of New York in 1965. He writes, "I thought you would be interested to hear that people are still throwing garbage out of the windows. They now also use the elevators as mobile bathrooms.

"I left the 28th Precinct in November 1988 to work in the Manhattan Court Section. Before I left, I worked a foot post on 8th Avenue between 118th and 120th Streets. On 118th Street is a methadone clinic to 'help' heroin addicts. Part of my responsibilities was to help prevent the practice among addicts of spitting their medicine back into a bottle and selling it on the street. By constantly stepping in, I became friendly with the hospital security men, one of whom told me matter-of-factly one day that AIDS testing had been done at this clinic and all of the others in impoverished areas of the city, resulting in a positive result of 88 per cent, a most shocking revelation to me; the government tells us about 40 to 50 per cent of IV drug users are infected.

"The second development is the level of violence. The 28th Precinct recorded over 100 homicides in 1972, the first NYC police precinct to do so. The number of homicides is down because 40 per cent of our building stock was burned out in the 1970s and never replaced, reducing the population quite substantially. What I found rather troubling, though, was the level of violence facing the street cop today. In addition to the AIDS problem we now have to worry about high-tech automatic weapons.

"In particular I remember coming in to work one morning and observing four men under arrest, with a tableful of guns and a police-scanner radio on the evidence table. Particularly disturbing was the sight of an Uzi machine-pistol and a $1,500 30.06 semi-automatic assault rifle, convertible to automatic, with telescopic lens on a tripod. What these low-level drug dealers planned to do with that item is anybody's guess, but it was mounted on the tripod by their window on 115th Street, pointed down toward 8th Avenue (where a foot patrolman could often be found).

"The easy access, by street hoods, to these weapons was a great shock to me, but is only the beginning. On a training day in 1988 I was told that the FBI is coming to the conclusion that parts of the city are becoming beyond the scope of regular law enforcement.

"I shudder to think what is going to happen the next time the violence of the Black Panther types becomes fashionable again. I'll have to read it in the papers, though. I resigned and took a police job on the North Shore of Long Island in June 1991."

Since 1965, with the advent of the Great Society, we have spent $2.6 trillion on welfare. And the situation has evolved as above. Senator Moynihan's brilliant mind should concretely recommend measures to cope with the developments described here by a street cop. □

The Spiraling Cost Of Car Insurance

NEW YORK, APRIL 29

At a recent mixer with automobile insurance specialists quite startling data arrested the attention. One woman recently bought a car in Philadelphia and found that the insurance premium she would need to pay exceeded the cost of the new car. She fiddled to the extent one can fiddle in Philadelphia, but inasmuch as her job required her to have a car, she finally yielded to the surmounting priority, which was to live within her budget. She accomplished this by moving out of Philadelphia.

The City of Brotherly Love is notorious among insurance underwriters, because so much do jurors there love any plaintiff, they tend to set him/her up for life if the complaint is of a bruised elbow. But therein lies a tale, a dark tale.

A recent poll by Roper confirmed what sophisticated insurance agents knew. It is quite simply that we are breeding a race of cheaters. Thirty-two per cent of the American insurance-buying public feels free to exaggerate the damage done in an accident at least to the extent of eliminating the deductible. If, say, your deductible is one thousand dollars, and the damage done in yesterday's little collision was one thousand dollars, you throw in as a casualty of yesterday's little collision the long neglected right rear fender that Sonny scratched backing into the garage last winter after a night of levity. The good news is that only 6 per cent of the American people will buy a car knowing that it has been stolen. The bad news is that 6 per cent of the American people will buy a car knowing that it has been stolen. The Americans of median conscience in such matters are the 23 per cent who are willing to lie about where they keep their car at night. They will say at home in their garage even though they don't have a garage, they park it outside. Cheaper rates.

Is this something new? Does it reflect a dissipation in American standards of honesty? You remember the old movie, *The Grapes of Wrath*, in which Henry Fonda drives his family through the Dust Bowl in his Model A Ford without even enough money to buy the kids a bowl of hot soup, and you know—there is simply no doubt about it—that that man would never cheat on any form he was asked to fill out. So what happened? Just the same kind of general decadence that gives us illegitimate children and Congress?

Well—yes and no. True, American standards of ethical behavior in these matters aren't exemplary—for instance, the same poll reveals that about 20 per cent of Americans are prepared to conceal a share of their income from the IRS, if they can get away with it.

But there is another factor that plays a role. A lot of Americans feel that insurance policies are being used as a form of redistribution. Mr. Eversocareful Jones, who takes meticulous care of his car, never drives home from a cocktail party, and has no teenage children, sees his insurance bill climb year after year. He asks his agent why this should be so, and the agent explains. At the simplest level, the cost of auto repairs has risen much more than the CPI. But then there is the rise in car theft, in wild urban driving, in teenage cruising, and above all in juries that deal with millions of dollars as though they were jelly beans. All of this means that the insurance companies have no alternative but to float out the added cost, raising the premiums for all the ships lying in the harbor, never mind the record of good behavior of individual shipowners.

So that the spur is to re-redistribute. To try to get back a part of what, in your judgment, you have had unfairly to contribute to other people's extravagances. And the easiest way is: to cheat.

What to do about it? Ideally, an insurance agent would take the time carefully to examine the background of every policy purchaser, but you can't hire Pinkerton to investigate everybody who wants car insurance. And 43 states require that you do have insurance, the idea being to protect not you, but your victim, when you run him over, or crash into his (empty?) garage.

It is a tricky business, and those who believe insurance companies are cleaning up on this mess can look at the figures. Last year, their profit was 9 per cent. About normal. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

House of Ill Fame

WE CAN comprehend the big things that are happening to America by examining the little thing that happen to us. Recently a Georgia literary festival asked me for a pair of my shoes to hang on their Christmas tree, and a North Carolina political campaign wanted "something used by you personally" for a fund-raising auction.

Collectors have always sought the personal artifacts of performing artists, alive or dead. I remember when bobby-soxers ripped buttons off Frank Sinatra's coat, and now their grandchildren do the same to Michael Jackson. Writers, being less exciting, used to have to be very, very famous and very, very dead before the scavengers got interested. Why, then, would anyone want my detritus?

Commenting on Kitty Kelley's celebrity exposés, the scholarly biographer Justin Kaplan said, "I'd guess that a large part of the outrage generated by Kelley's book comes from something we don't like to acknowledge: our dependency on totemic figures." Nowadays mere autographs are for earthlings. As religion dies we are replacing the Calendar of Saints with a calendar of celebrities—complete with relics.

In religious centuries, when everyone from the King down to the most brutish peasant held the same unquestioning belief in the soul's immortality, fame was unimportant and, indeed, did not really exist as we know it today. The common people of France were permitted to wander in and out of Versailles and watch the King at his banquet table. He ate in public so the people could see, not the King, but God's representative on earth.

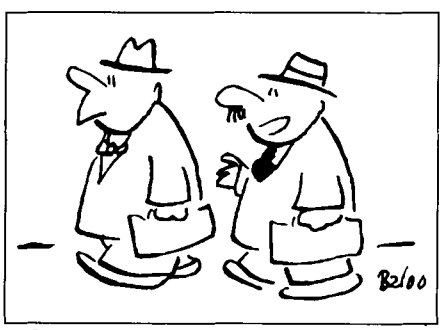
These public displays were in no way comparable to photo ops; they were quasi-religious rituals. When people said excitedly, "I saw the King!" it was not the same as "I saw Liz Taylor!" The latter is always followed by *in person*, but the idea of seeing the King in person would have been a contradiction: It was his spiritual, not his corporeal, presence that mattered.

In today's secular world only celebrities, whose names will "live," can be certain of attaining the immortality that the humblest medieval serf took for granted. The ultimate expression of materiality, *in person*, is an ironic reminder that now only the famous have souls.

It's Calvinism all over again, a hard nut to crack, but nothing is too hard for the American Dream. Everybody's gotta right to be the Elect, so murder a famous person and become a famous murderer.

The essence of fame is the approval of others, always desired by Americans, so become a politically correct camcorder tattletale like George Holliday, who videotaped the Rodney King beating and went on to savor the joys of giving press conferences and interviews. Of course he acted solely out of a burning commitment to civil rights, not because the name *Abraham Zapruder* was burning in his brain, promising a footnote's worth of celebrity in the history books. The same noble purpose surely motivated all the people who subsequently sent sales of video cameras soaring nationwide, and the vigilant citizen in Fort Worth who videotaped Officer E. J. Parnell beating one Ernest Anderson on July 5, 1991.

I suspect that even our productivity problems and the epidemic of "human error" plaguing the workplace are caused in part by our obsession with fame. The worker who misses a cog in the wheel because he's brooding over being a cog in the wheel produces an American car.



"Great bill you introduced, Pomeroy, but I'm not sure it's possible to regulate earthquakes."

A house of ill fame divided against itself cannot stand. America has never grasped the difference between celebrity and stature. In his introduction to *The Education of Henry Adams*, James Truslow Adams wrote that America destroys her best families by withholding, in the name of democracy, the means of preserving them: hereditary titles that create a ruling class. Thus the superior gene pool that was the Adamses survived for only three generations before being rejected in favor of liberty and stature for all.

Ironically, the three-generation rule has been democratized until it now applies to virtually all Americans. After a family's first college graduates produce the first crop of doctors and lawyers, it probably won't rise any higher unless exceptional physical beauty or creative talent are present. These are the inborn ingredients of fame but that doesn't faze the American Dream. "Everybody's gotta right to be beautiful" is the driving force behind the plastic-surgery fad; "Everybody's gotta right to be talented" has produced the Indiana high school where tone-deaf kids play in the band in the name of self-esteem.

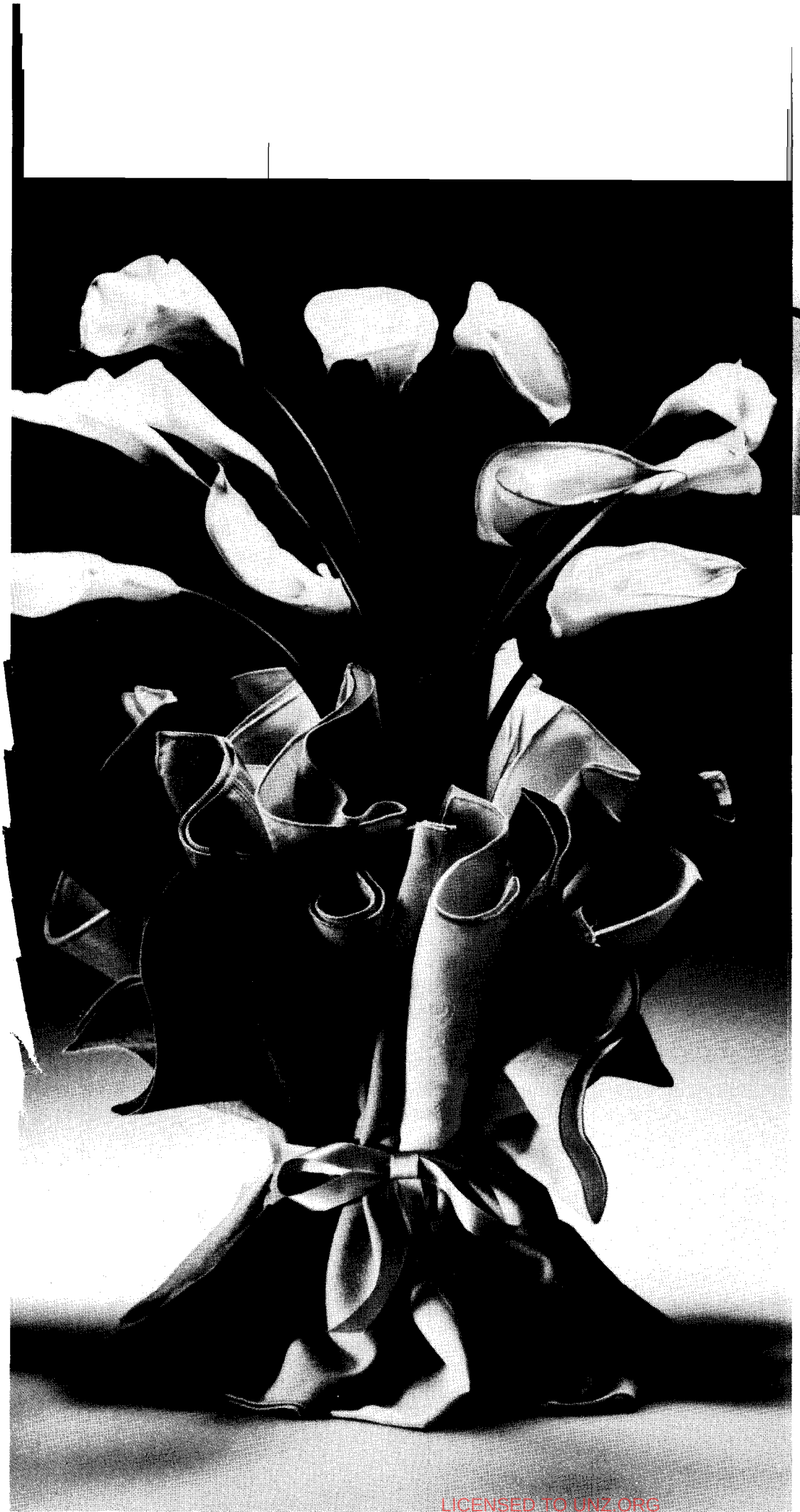
The brutal fact is, fame is all that America has left. Learning is gone, honor is gone, culture is gone, and civilization itself is down and counting, so we cling to spurious, democratized fame like drowning swimmers to a life raft. Telling ourselves that barbaric societies do not produce exalted celebrities, we can kid ourselves into thinking that we are still separating the wheat from the chaff.

THE NADIR of the fame game was reached on March 5, 1991, during the Gulf War, when CBS News featured the mother of Melissa Rathbun-Nealy, the first female POW, talking on the phone with her daughter. Significantly, the soundbite chosen by the news editors was the mother's excited question, "Do you know how famous you are? The whole world knows you."

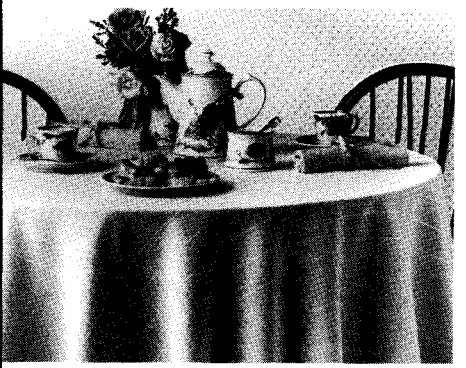
Word for word, an almost exact replication of the Black Mass Annunciation scene in *Rosemary's Baby*.

—FLORENCE KING

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Tablelinens of Visa.®
Take your pick.



Go ahead—enjoy high-fashion tablelinens in your life every day. These are high-performance Visa tablelinens. And they don't have to be reserved for special occasions.

The Visa family of fine tablelinens offers you hundreds of fashion colors, styles and textures to choose from. So you can dress up your table anytime with the same flair you bring to the rest of your home.

And the extraordinary Visa easy-care performance features are built right in:

- Stains wash out
- Colors stay bright, whites stay white
- Little or no ironing is needed

It's enough to make you retire your "other" tablelinens forever. Because when you think of it, life's too short to entertain with anything but Visa.

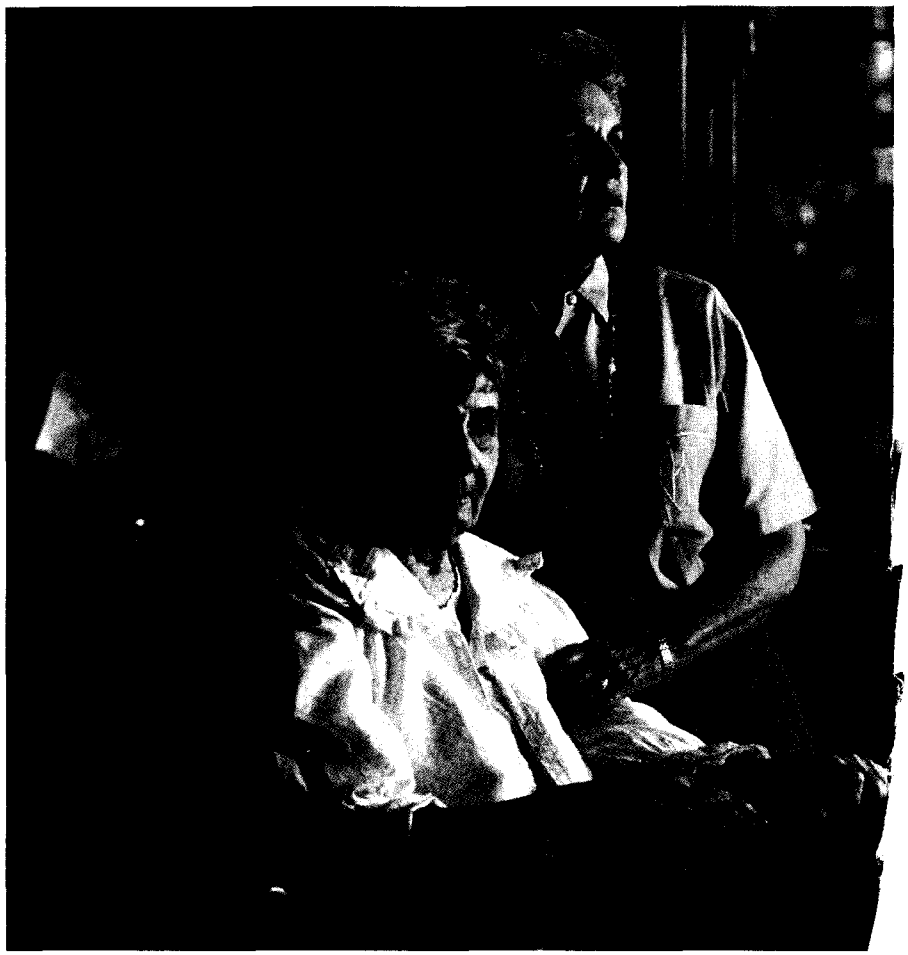
®VISA is a registered trademark of Milliken & Company for fabrics

MILLIKEN

DU PONT DACRON

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Can we arrest the disease that robs people of their minds?



Over 4 million people suffer from it, and nearly half of all nursing home patients are its victims.

It's Alzheimer's, the disease that steals a person's mind, dignity and independence, and exacts costs of over $88 billion a year for institutional and home care.

Leading the way in the search for relief from this mysterious disease is the pharmaceutical industry, which is making the nation's largest investment in drug research.

Since 1988 alone, the industry has been conducting research on over 40 medicines for Alzheimer's, and currently has 13 in test. While these efforts hold hope for breakthroughs, the process is long and difficult, with only a few of the thousands of compounds developed ever achieving success.

This exhaustive, high risk research increases the industry's cost of doing business, and in turn the price of drugs. But it also leads to the kind of discoveries that can break the grip of such an enormously costly and tragic disease like Alzheimer's.

To learn more about pharmaceutical research, and the critical role it plays in health care, call or write for our free booklet, "Good Medicine."

The Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, 1100 15th St., N.W., Box Y, Wash., D.C. 20005. 1-800-538-2692.

PHARMACEUTICALS
Good Medicine For Containing Health Costs.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED